

Balloon Wood  
Or, and Other Poems

By W. B. TAYLOR.



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Leonard F. Bittle.

BUTTONWOOD  
AND  
OTHER POEMS

BY  
L. F. BITTLE.

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FIRST EDITION.

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Here, reader, in their metric flow,  
Are treasured thoughts of long ago.

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L. F. BITTLE.

## PREFACE.

It is not without misgiving that I allow these verses to be printed in a book. With a few exceptions they were written many years ago as a relaxation from severe study; and now as I revise them for publication they do not please me as they did when I composed them. But the critical mood is not the poetical one, nor is an author always the best judge of his own work. Besides, as time passes, our tastes change, and many things which delight us in youth become insipid in old age. And if we make good use of the opportunities afforded us, our standards of excellence rise higher and higher, though they never reach absolute perfection.

Poetry appeals to the sensibilities rather than to the intellect; and when a person by means of verse reveals his inner life, he can reasonably expect little genuine sympathy except from those whose experiences have to some extent been similar to his own. His readers must put themselves into the mood in which he writes, and forbear criticism on his style if they would fully enjoy his stanzas.

Many of these effusions, selected from a much larger number and here printed in permanent form, are records of real life. Others are merely pictures of fancy. Still others have only a personal or local interest. All of them, such as they are, I offer to my friends, and especially to my beloved daughters, Mona and Linnaea, in the hope that my unpretending stanzas will leave in the mind of the reader some thoughts worth remembering.

L. F. B.



## CONTENTS.

Buttonwood,	-	-	-	1-42
Ellemwold,	-	-	-	43-48
<b>AUTUMNAL MUSINGS.</b>				
1. Radnor,	-	-	-	49-51
2. The Birds,	-	-	-	51-52
3. The Landscape,	-	-	-	52-53
4. The Seasons,	-	-	-	53-55
5. Meditation,	-	-	-	55-56
6. Nature,	-	-	-	56-57
7. The Moral,	-	-	-	57-58
8. Consolation,	-	-	-	58-59
9. Aspiration,	-	-	-	59-62
10. Childhood,	-	-	-	62-63
11. Rambles,	-	-	-	63-64
12. A Subject,	-	-	-	64-67
13. Saint David's Church.	-	-	-	67-70
14. The Critics,	-	-	-	71-72
15. Cowper and Milton,	-	-	-	72-74
16. The Graveyard,	-	-	-	74-77
17. The World Unseen,	-	-	-	78-81
18. M. J. B.,	-	-	-	81-84
19. Truth,	-	-	-	84-87
20. Mount Pleasant,	-	-	-	87-89
21. Conclusion,	-	-	-	89-90
Lilly,	-	-	-	91-92
Tredyffrin	-	-	-	92-94
Queries,	-	-	-	94-95
Too Late,	-	-	-	95-97
Death,	-	-	-	97
Good Night,	-	-	-	98
June,	-	-	-	99
Enlightened,	-	-	-	100
A Prayer,	-	-	-	100

Day dreams,	-	-	-	-	-	101
Mary,	-	-	-	-	-	101-102
At Even,	-	-	-	-	-	102-103
The Glass of Faith,	-	-	-	-	-	104
When I Am Gone,	-	-	-	-	-	105
Across The Stream,	-	-	-	-	-	105-106
The Arbutus,	-	-	-	-	-	106-107
Semper Ora,	-	-	-	-	-	107
The Angels,	-	-	-	-	-	108-109
To J. H. B.,	-	-	-	-	-	109-110
To M. P. D.,	-	-	-	-	-	110
To B. C.,	-	-	-	-	-	111
To B. B.,	-	-	-	-	-	112
The Richmonds' Home,	-	-	-	-	-	112-113
The Early Dead,	-	-	-	-	-	114
Lines On The Funeral of W. R.	-	-	-	-	-	115
The Smithy,	-	-	-	-	-	116-117
A Proem,	-	-	-	-	-	117-118
The May Queen,	-	-	-	-	-	118-120
"Not Death But Sleep,"	-	-	-	-	-	120
Love,	-	-	-	-	-	121-122
To M. J. B.,	-	-	-	-	-	122-126
The Hunters,	-	-	-	-	-	126-127
A Wish,	-	-	-	-	-	127-128
Fortune,	-	-	-	-	-	128
To M. B. B.,	-	-	-	-	-	129
The Rain,	-	-	-	-	-	130-131
An Epigram,	-	-	-	-	-	131
Christ Triumphant,	-	-	-	-	-	131-132
Content,	-	-	-	-	-	132
Brandywine,	-	-	-	-	-	133-134
For an Album,	-	-	-	-	-	134-135
Millie,	-	-	-	-	-	136-137
Hope,	-	-	-	-	-	138
Centennial Hymn,	-	-	-	-	-	139-140
Centennial Poem,	-	-	-	-	-	140-141
To Hygeia,	-	-	-	-	-	141-144
At Mother's Grave,	-	-	-	-	-	144-145
The Glory of the Lord,	-	-	-	-	-	146-147
Spring,	-	-	-	-	-	147-148

Lines for an Album,	-	-	-	148
To the Woodthrush,	-	-	-	149-150
A Morning Concert,	-	-	-	151
Expectation.	-	-	-	152
Sunshine,	-	-	-	153
A Reproof,	-	-	-	154
Memory's Bells,	-	-	-	155
Autumn,	-	-	-	156
Life,	-	-	-	157
Deceived,	-	-	-	158
Meeting and Parting,	-	-	-	159
In Vain,	-	-	-	160
The Baptism,	-	-	-	160-162
Croton Pond,	-	-	-	163
A Fragment,	-	-	-	164
Great Valley Church,	-	-	-	165-166
Linnæa,	-	-	-	167
My Baby,	-	-	-	168



## BUTTONWOOD.

### A CONTRAST.

Dear Buttonwood, I love thy shade,  
For sweet contentment fitly made;  
And when I walk the crowded street,  
And mark dull care in most I meet,  
Or cross at noon the dusty Square,  
And swelter in the fervid glare  
Of sunshine from the August sky,  
I long into thy shade to fly.

There would I lie beneath the trees,  
And hear the droning of the bees,  
Or listen to the rippling flow  
Of waters in the vale below,  
Or watch the thrushes as they glide  
Among the bushes at my side,  
Or overhead the gambols see  
Of blithe and noisy chickaree;  
For any sight or any sound  
That in thy solitude is found,  
Is picturesque or musical  
Contrasted with the city full  
Of all the senses hold in dread,  
Or baleful planet ever shed.

Oh, not for me the marts of trade,  
Those scenes which man himself has made!  
Where Wealth and Poverty reside,  
And shame each other side by side,  
Where thieves and beggars most abound  
In courts and alleys all around,  
Where harsh extremes of life we meet  
Which ever way we turn our feet,

Where daily we are forced to grieve  
O'er wretchedness we can't relieve,  
And where we view, with burning soul,  
Injustice we can not control.

Pretentious mass of brick and stone,  
Built up for sordid Mammon's throne,  
The city stands and welcomes in  
Each folly, vice, and grosser sin.  
There artificial ways abound,  
And useless etiquette is found,  
And spirits, yearning to be free,  
Are slaves to Fashion's tyranny.  
The finer feelings of the heart  
Are blunted by the cruel art  
Which selfish customs, silly rules,  
The mutual work of knaves and fools,  
Have introduced to help us hide  
Ourselves behind suspicious pride,  
Or, what is often tenfold worse,  
Our lives to poison with a curse  
Of Vanity, Truth's wily foe,  
That veils in falsehood all below.

The thing ycleped Society  
Is often but a mockery  
Of those warm instincts of our race  
Which prompt each one to take his place  
Amid the gathering of friends,  
And share the pleasure that attends  
Informal interchange of thought  
And gentle courtesies unsought.

Amid the fevered life we lead,  
The things our natures mostly need,  
The quiet hours from business free,  
Companionship and sympathy  
Of those whose friendship, full and true,  
Brings out our better selves to view,—  
These are the things we seldom find  
But others of a different kind,

Approved by Madam Grundy's voice,  
We see presented for our choice.

We gain admission to a clique,  
If through the wonted means we seek,  
And then are privileged to greet,  
With stilted manners, the élite,  
Then at the door to make a call,  
And hear a servant from the hall  
The "Not at home to-day" repeat,  
And bow us back into the street.  
Or present else, by present grace,  
In glaring parlor—horrid place!—  
We meet with others who have come  
To see the folks now all "at home"  
For entertaining every guest,  
And showing off when at their best.

Thus in such parlors meet we them  
Whom rules of etiquette condemn  
To spend the hours in pleasure's search,  
That always leaves them in the lurch.  
When these *soirées* we look right through,  
What sorry sights are brought to view!  
Cards, dances, gossip, promenades,  
With brainless fops and silly maids  
As leading actors in the scenes,  
While very rarely intervenes  
A single minute of good sense  
To pay for trouble and expense.  
'Tis but a sham, as all can see,  
Where none is happy, none is free,  
But all are under bondage sold  
To customs useless, senseless, old,  
The relics of a barbarous day,  
Which should forgotten be for aye.

Thus governed by a vicious taste,  
We favor luxury and waste.  
In most things coarse, in none refined,  
To real beauty we are blind;

And gaudy colors, graceless lines,  
And inappropriate designs  
Fill up the measure of our sight,  
While all around us, day and night,  
The loveliness of Nature lies  
Unnoticed by our careless eyes.

Behold the Miss, yet in her teens,  
Appear in Fashion's gaudy scenes.  
Her manners masculine and rude,  
No qualms of modesty intrude,  
To mortify her swaggering air,  
Or check the boldness of her stare.  
Her conversation void of sense,  
But full of simpering pretense,  
Superlatives the verbal stock,  
That constitutes her endless talk,  
With slang acquired upon the street  
To make her rhetoric complete.  
But what she lacks in mental grace  
She furnishes in powdered face,  
And cheeks whose tinting not their own  
Suggest a tea-rose fully blown.  
Her costly wardrobe most her care,  
She lives in Fashion's poisoned air,  
A thing of vanity and pride,  
That fools admire and wits deride.

Yet such a creature lacking soul  
And all true power of self-control,  
With fitful temper, empty head  
Presumptuously is often led,  
To seek, competing with the good,  
The place of wife and motherhood.  
No wonder that the age declines  
When imbeciles usurp the place  
Of guardians to the coming race.

See too her masculine compeer  
In social life his front uprear  
And claim the homage only due

To virtue high and manhood true.  
*His* manhood figures tailor-made,  
With hatter's and cordwainer's aid  
And jeweller's, who join their skill  
To have their dandy "dressed to kill."  
Thus in the latest style attired,  
Somehow withal he has acquired  
The art to say with gallant air  
A thousand nothings to the fair,  
And make himself, it is confessed,  
In drawing rooms a welcome guest.  
For piety he has a sneer,  
For womanhood a bow or leer,  
For noble aims concealed disgust,  
And much prefers a life of lust;  
Yet covers up each base design  
With pretty phrase and manners fine;  
A hero in Flirtation's eyes,  
But one whom honest men despise;  
To useful labor quite averse  
He battens on his parents' purse,  
And all their hard-earned cash he drains,  
Till not a picayune remains.  
In dissipation an expert,  
Yet scarce in reputation hurt  
By drunkenness or worse excess,  
He glories in his worthlessness;  
Though poor perchance, yet in his air  
He apes the haughty millionaire,  
And plays with impudence his part  
A libel in his head and heart,  
A low burlesque in all his plan  
Upon the noble race of man.

Nor should I leave unnoticed here  
Old maids and widows that appear  
As eager venders in the mart  
Where bids are made for hand and heart,  
And males and females long to pair,  
If they can win the lion's share.

What toils are spread, what nets are cast,  
What arts to bind the victims fast,  
What time and labor freely spent,  
By those on Hymen's ends intent,  
All know who watch the amorous game  
The crafty play in friendship's name!

O woman, long by poets praised,  
And on a pedestal upraised,  
Which Flattery, with cunning hand,  
Has built upon the treacherous sand,  
No angel art thou, but a child  
Of mother Eve, who was beguiled  
To eat of that forbidden tree,  
The source of all our misery.  
It is not well that we should paint  
Thee in the likeness of a saint,  
While follies in thy life abound  
And sin within thy soul is found.  
Thou knowest it is better far  
To limn thy features as they are,  
To show thee stripped of all disguise,  
And turning from romantic lies,  
Speak out whatever we shall find  
To be the measure of thy mind.

Thou lovest ev'ry pretty thing,  
The ostrich plume, the flicker's wing,  
The golden watch, the flashing gem,  
And standest ready to condemn  
Each useful change and wise device,  
Unless the nabobs call it "nice";  
Thou tortur'est thy graceful form,  
Thou goest chilled or over-warm,  
And pinching feet and squeezing chest,  
Deforming both at Style's behest;  
Thou oft art Fashion's willing tool,  
Till men deride thee as a fool;  
Thou lovest gossip, nor afraid  
Art thou of scandal's ruthless trade,

That dares to wring with pain intense  
The shrinking heart of innocence.  
Thou art no slave, as thou hast pled,  
But art of social life the head;  
In ev'ry thing thou hast thy say,  
In most, thine own unthinking way,  
And the whole world is at thy will,  
That world of which thou speakest ill.  
The world is what thyself hast wrought  
Out of the children thou hast brought.  
The infant race is thine to train  
To thy desire in heart and brain,  
And none are sinners overmuch,  
But thy example makes them such.  
Didst thou but cease thyself to hurt,  
Resolved no more to dress and flirt,  
From vanity release thy soul,  
And put thee under Truth's control,  
Thou wouldest be what we all desire,  
What angels love and men admire.  
Then the whole world at thy command  
On Virtue's side would firmly stand;  
All in her practice would engage,  
And usher in the golden age.

Then let the better time roll round  
When men shall rational be found,  
When, conscious of their high estate,  
They lift themselves, with hearts elate  
Out of the low and miry plains,  
And washed of their polluting stains,  
Climb up the steeps to regions fair,  
And breathe the purer, upper air,  
Where no miasma taints the soul,  
But, under Truth's serene control,  
Each shall accord with virtue's plan,  
And reach the stature of a man.

When God the land and sea had made  
And the broad heavens in stars arrayed,

He looked on all, and called it good,  
But saw the need of one that should  
Be over all, and all admire,  
And to the noblest deeds aspire.  
So in pursuance of his plan  
To crown creation's work with man  
He from the dust a body made,  
Which every grace of form displayed,  
Then into it he breathed a soul  
Of life and thought and self-control.  
In his own image God thus formed  
The first man, Adam, to be warmed  
By love divine, and to be found  
With strength and skill to till the ground.  
God placed him then in Eden's bowers,  
To dwell amid its trees and flowers,  
And have its fruits as recompense  
For labor and for innocence.

But man as yet was all alone,  
And social ways had never known;  
So God formed Eve, a partner meet,  
To make the joy of life complete.  
These two from their Creator came  
All free from thought of sin or shame.  
And when, by Satan led astray,  
They were from Eden sent away,  
It was to earn their daily bread,  
And be by honest labor fed.

The Lord designed the human pair  
For rural scenes and country air.  
The city was an after-thought  
Which Cain the fratricidal wrought,  
When from the presence of his God,  
He fled into the land of Nod.  
There he, of Adam's race the worst,  
To found a city was the first.  
Long afterwards, the people, bent  
On city life, to Shinar went,

To make a name, and build a tower,  
For unity of speech and power.  
But God soon checked their vanity,  
When he came down their work to see.  
He in their midst confusion wrought,  
And brought their foolish scheme to nought.  
With divers tongues he scattered all  
The builders of the tower tall,—  
The builders of that city vast  
Whose name 's a byword of the past.

Experience seems to indicate  
That man, to gain his best estate  
Requires a freedom only found  
Within the country's ample ground  
For folks in crowded cities grown  
Like hot-bed plants too closely sown  
Are healthy none, but all are frail,  
And of life's noble objects fail;  
Like fruit in humid cellar piled,  
The tainted have the sound defiled,  
Till none infection can evade,  
But all the mass becomes decayed:  
Or else like fish of various kind  
Within a little pool confined,  
The larger ones the smaller eat,  
And with their victims thus replete,  
Become a proud and pampered few  
That one another envious view.

There breathing the unhealthy air,  
With scant attire and meagre fare,  
The poor oft toil from day to day,  
Beneath some haughty lordling's sway,  
Whose only merit is his wealth,  
Obtained, perchance, by fraud or stealth.  
They by replenishing his store,  
Increase their penury the more,  
And sinking lower in the scale,  
As self-respect and honor fail,

From virtue's paths at last they stray,  
And reckless walk the downward way.  
With evil deeds familiar grown,  
They form a circle of their own,  
And thus remain an outcast race,  
But still retentive of their place,  
They like a plague contagion spread,  
Empoisoning the fountain head  
Of social life and happiness—  
A fearful wrong without redress!

There guarded by our license laws,  
With Appetite to plead his cause,  
The Alcoholic Demon reigns,  
And in his retinue retains  
The hydra dire of vice and crime,  
And, with an impudence malign,  
Enthrones himself in church and state,  
And rules the little and the great.  
Untrammeled in his evil ways,  
Upon the nation's life he preys,  
Degrades the lofty, stains the pure,  
And robs the wealthy and the poor,  
Arouses hatred, kindles strife,  
And makes the land with murder rife,  
Each pauper house and prison fills,  
The innocent assails and kills,  
Breaks woman's heart with purpose fell,  
And dooms his devotees to hell!  
His horrors our officials view,  
And all permit for revenue,—  
Permit, encourage, sanction all  
The fiendish deeds of Alcohol,  
That they may fill the public purse  
With taxes from a nation's curse.

When Guttenberg, on German ground,  
The noble art of printing found,  
And, first of all, the book divine  
To type committed, line by line,

That men the way of life might know,  
And with the love of virtue glow,  
He little dreamed that after years  
Would justify the pious fears,  
That Satan, in a printer's dress,  
Was the magician of the press.  
But here the devil has his sway,  
And guides the issues of the day.  
In books and papers he conceals  
The virus which to all he deals—  
The unbelief that now pervades  
The social body, and invades  
The church and home, till all around  
Fools, rakes, and anarchists abound,  
And scoffers, worse than those of old,  
All virtue in derision hold.  
And all this verbal deviltry  
Within the city rages free;  
The cultured and the rabble rout  
Here from the busy press pour out  
An endless stream of idle words—  
The jabber of Stymphalian birds—  
Science and sermons full of sneers,  
And novels packed with quips and jeers  
At the old book whose righteous law  
Demands a life without a flaw,  
And whose good message rescues all  
From sin that heed the gracious call.

Such scenes in city life we see,  
And even worse we know to be  
In all the dens and haunts of sin  
Found every where the town within.  
In every clime and every age,  
Since man began his pilgrimage,  
The greatest scourges of our race  
In cities find their brooding place.  
There nurtured in their dark retreats,  
Till stronger grown they seek the streets,  
And overleaping every bound,

They ravage all the country round.  
Thus rapine, war, and tyranny,  
Blighting all lands from sea to sea,  
And pestilence that walks by night,  
Nor shuns the noontide's glaring light,—  
Begin their course where pleasure's dome  
Looks down on misery's squalid home.  
So Rome the mighty testifies,  
Whence all the ills beneath the skies  
Have issued forth in dire array,  
To make the tribes of men their prey.

Give me the country's quiet life,  
Far from the crowd's unseemly strife,  
Give me the scenes that God has made,  
And with his matchless skill arrayed  
In all that charms the thoughtful eye,  
Or wakes the soul to ecstasy.

The greatest want that I have known,  
A want I scarcely dare to own,  
Is sympathy in such pursuits  
As those my vagrant fancy suits.  
For plodding work my restless mind  
By Nature never was designed,  
Much less has she my spirit made  
Inclined to politics or trade,  
Nor more congenial is the life  
Which spends itself in legal strife,  
Nor can I Galen's art endure,  
More likely far to kill than cure,  
Nor have I cherished a desire  
To cleric honors to aspire,  
For pastorating is a trade  
By which a livelihood is made,  
And men in sombre garb attired,  
By pious folks are yearly hired  
To please the critics of the pew,  
And bring the sect with honor through.

Unmerchantable thoughts are mine,  
That with my purposes entwine,

And lead me to far different ends  
Than those for which the world contends.  
I hate the clamor of the crowd,  
And gossip constantly allowed  
In all the circles called polite—  
That name so seldom used aright—  
And every vain amusement made  
For idlers of themselves afraid;  
I hate the envy and the pride,  
That form a mountain high and wide  
Between the souls that else would run,  
Like crystal streamlets into one;  
I hate Ambition's mad career,  
Supplanting love with cruel fear,  
And keeping struggling millions down,  
That one may wear a worthless crown;  
I hate the noisy paths of life,  
The eagerness and selfish strife,  
The fires of rivalry that burn,  
Whichever way our footsteps turn;—  
I hate them all, and glad would flee  
From all their scenes of misery.

From early childhood my delight  
Has been to rove from morn till night  
Where Nature holds her court serene  
In leafy grove or meadow green,  
Or where the uplands stretch away  
To mountain steeps remote and gray.  
The song of bird or hum of bee  
Is music sweeter far to me  
Than all the notes that man can bring  
From wood, or brass, or sonant string.  
I'd rather listen to the breeze  
That sways the stately forest trees,  
Than stand within cathedral dim,  
And hear the grandest vesper hymn.

I well remember what strange awe  
Seized on me when a child I saw

The heavens at ev'ning spreading far,  
And Cynthia in her silver car,  
And stars unnumbered shining down  
From sceptred Night's imperial crown.  
And ever since I've loved to come  
Beneath this awe-inspiring dome,  
This stately temple which the Word  
That Darkness and old Chaos heard  
Bade rise from its foundations deep,  
To stand until the dead from sleep  
Are called by that Almighty Voice  
That made the sons of God rejoice,  
And all the stars of morning raise  
The loftiest anthems of their praise.  
With fast dilating thought I then  
Forget the petty creeds of men,  
Forget the strifes of folly bred,  
Where neither side by truth is led,  
Forget each low, ignoble aim,  
Each base desire of earthly fame,  
Which leads so many souls astray  
That might have gone the upward way,  
Forget them all, with naught between  
My spirit and the dawn serene  
Of peace ineffable and love  
Each earth-born feeling far above.  
Bathed in the fount of pure delight,  
My soul then takes an upward flight,  
Explores aloft with ardor keen  
Sweet realms by mortal eyes unseen.

But if I love in solitude  
To ramble in the field and wood  
And constant pleasure in them find,  
'Tis not because in human kind  
A cynical indifference  
I bear, displaying want of sense.  
No, in these lonely walks I feel  
An interest in human weal  
Far greater than I ever knew

When, wandering the city through,  
My steps I frequently allowed  
To mingle with the fevered crowd.

To one who looks at both when near,  
Like rough statues men appear.  
The chisel marks and numerous flaws  
Defiance bid to Beauty's laws.  
Lift up these to their home  
Around some temple's lofty dome,  
And each one, in its destined place,  
Becomes a form instinct with grace,—  
The distance covers every flaw  
Which, just before, the gazer saw;  
No sign of roughness is retained,  
But smoothest elegance is gained.  
So is it with uncultured man,  
Who seems to mar great Nature's plan,  
Presenting flaws on every side  
To those who neighboring abide,  
And watch the evils, day by day,  
That in our common actions play.

Contemptuous feelings oft arise,  
If man with too familiar eyes  
Is scanned in this degenerate age.  
But I, withdrawing from the crowd,  
Where noise of conflict waxes loud,  
Where Folly's victims ceaseless mourn,  
And curse the day that they were born,  
Where Vanity parades the streets,  
And homage asks of all she meets,—  
Find, in the lonely solitudes  
Of meadows broad and lofty woods,  
A prospect of each human scene,  
With fault-concealing miles between.  
The race abstracted from its crimes  
And viewed throughout the changing times  
Seems like a far-off statue grand,  
Fresh from the unseen Artist's hand.

Thus distance lends to man a charm  
That makes my bosom towards him warm.  
The feelings of dislike and pride  
That often prompt me to deride  
The frailties of my fellow men  
Are all exchanged for pity then;  
And strength for duty thus I draw—  
Strength to conform to every law  
Belonging to the gracious plan  
By heaven ordained for wayward man—  
I draw, by Nature hither led,  
From Truth's eternal fountain head.

But class me not with them who hold—  
Pretended thinkers vain and bold—  
That Nature of herself can show  
What we so much desire to know,  
That written on her ample page,  
In characters for youth and age,  
Are revelations of the way  
That leads to Glory's endless day,  
And that no further voice we need  
If we but Nature's language heed.  
Though beauties constantly appear  
To man's enraptured eye and ear,  
Yet Nature is forever dumb  
To all who unenlightened come  
To question her with anxious mind  
About the things that lie behind  
The mystic veil that hangs between  
The visible and the unseen.  
Philosophers with prying eyes  
Have scanned the earth and starry skies,  
And, with the plummet's slender line,  
Have dipped beneath the ocean's brine,  
But nothing more have ever found  
In making their remotest round  
Than varied matter bound by laws  
That indicate a hidden cause—  
Almighty force directing well,

But what it is they cannot tell.

What strange infatuations seize  
All those who seek themselves to please!  
At their wild follies oft I gaze,  
Yet ever view them in amaze.  
How sad that men with noble powers  
Unworthily should spend their hours,  
Fair Wisdom's hoarded gems forsake,  
And Falsehood's dust for jewels take!  
All men not brutishly inclined  
Their lives in duplicate will find,  
Like double currents in a stream,  
That in contrarious motion seem.  
One turbulently onward goes,  
The other calmly backward flows;  
One in gross matter must be sought,  
The other in the realm of thought;  
One life we have within the soul,  
Completely under our control,  
The other in the world of sense,  
The sport of outward elements.  
The latter mostly is preferred  
Whene'er preference is averred;  
For, strange to say, the outer world,  
Where Strife's red banners are unfurled,  
Where disappointments ever reign,  
And pleasures lose themselves in pain,  
Where souls, forgetful of the sky,  
In sloughs of degradation lie,  
Or, heedless of the warning call  
Of Virtue, into ruin fall,  
Where on the waves of passion toss,  
Man floats a wreck, and then is lost,—  
Has more attractions for our kind  
Than all the beauties of the mind,  
Or all the lasting joys confessed  
To dwell within a peaceful breast.  
I'd have my fellows raised, refined,  
As the Creator has designed;

I'd have them turn from baits of sense  
To faith in God and providence,  
Leaving their present low pursuits,  
Which have produced such bitter fruits;  
I'd have them seek the things unseen,  
The bays of virtue ever green,  
Bring passion under strict control,  
And guard that priceless thing the soul  
From thought impure and wrong desire,  
And it with noble purpose fire  
To scale the heights where honor lies,  
Immortal guerdon of the skies.

All true refinement has its spring  
In generous purposes that bring  
The soul to truth and purity,  
And from all folly set it free.  
'Tis not in forms of etiquette,  
Nor lines by flaunting fashion set,  
Nor any artificial grace,  
That this refinement has its place.  
No, 'tis a gift on men conferred,  
Like power of music on the bird;  
It is an instinct undefined  
That rules within the owner's mind,  
Repelling all things coarse and rude,  
And welcoming the pure and good.  
This instinct royalty insures,  
And Nature's true nobility secures  
To them who ever guard it well  
And in its presence constant dwell.  
Where such refinement can be found,  
There Culture has a solid ground  
On which her temple to upraise,  
The graceful object of our praise.  
Then speech and action all accord  
To render man creation's lord,  
A prince in thought and word and deed,  
Made worthy of the highest meed.

The times, alas, in which we live

Few signs of real progress give;  
For, notwithstanding all the stir  
Of business, and constant whir  
Of steam-propelled machinery,  
And bustle loud of industry,  
The whole is oft a specious show  
That to a race already low  
Becomes a blandishment of ill  
Which will degrade it lower still.  
Though this, the boasted age of steam  
Surpasses fable's wildest dream,  
Binding the long-rebellious main,  
Like Xerxes with his iron chain,  
And hurling with unerring hand  
The lightnings over sea and land,  
Its triumphs merit not our praise,  
For they the race can never raise  
Above material sensuous life,  
And turn it from the bitter strife  
Of selfishness and cruel pride,  
And crush the serpent lusts that glide  
Around fair Virtue's sacred bower,  
And poison all within their power.  
These triumphs which increase the store  
Of pampered Wealth are often more  
Like dire defeats that mar the plan  
Of Providence and ruin man.  
The highly vaunted victories  
Our century now daily sees,  
Where Science toiling like a slave  
In gloomy mine or ocean cave,  
In workshop or in clattering mill,  
Or elsewhere at its masters' will,  
May in the end prove worse than those  
Great Hannibal won o'er his foes.  
He, foremost soldier of the world,  
His standards on the Alps unfurled,  
Defied their icy summits grand,  
And, bursting on Italic's land,

Swept all before him in dismay,  
Until on Cannæ's bloody day  
He crushed the legions of old Rome  
And shook Tarpæca's sacred dome.  
But victory turned to defeat:  
In Capua's luxurious seat  
He with his army staid a space,  
And laid the ruin of his race.  
The conquered Romans were his bane,  
And, with corruption's fatal chain,  
Bound his unthinking veterans fast,  
And proved his victors at the last.

How few there are whose wishes rise  
To compass deeds of high emprise,  
Who cast the chains of matter off,  
Though fear may doubt and wit may scoff,  
And in the cleansing fount of truth  
Renew their innocence and youth.  
Leon, 'tis said, with eager band  
Of Spaniards through the Flowery Land,  
Sought far and near the fabled spring  
Whose waters to the bather bring  
That cleaves their crystal purity  
The loveliness of infancy,—  
Elastic health and beauty's bloom  
That fear no sickness, dread no tomb.  
The soldier found not what he sought,  
And all his labors were for naught.  
Deluded by an idle tale  
Like that about the Holy Grail,  
He wandered on till hope was spent  
And death the fatal arrow sent.  
Not so with him who seeks the wave  
In which his weary soul may lave:  
Close, close beside him it is found,  
And in our quiet hours the sound  
Of its low murmur meets our ear,  
The sweetest music mortals hear.  
Beside its sparkling waters deep

May our freed spirits ever keep,  
And gather flowers of fadeless sheen  
That grow upon its margent green.  
And bathe till washed of all alloy  
We reach the golden gates of joy!

There is enough in nature's plan  
To satisfy the needs of man;  
The fields afford him daily food,  
And thus supply material good;  
To serve him all the forces vie  
That govern earth or rule the sky; . . .  
For him the seasons make their round,  
For him each pleasing sight or sound,  
For him alone the task to trace  
The soul that beams through Nature's face,  
To lift the veil that hangs between  
Mere matter and the Great Unseen,  
To walk in paths before untrod,  
And learn the wondrous thoughts of God.  
But in this unbelieving age,  
Though Nature's works the minds engage  
Of thousands wandering to and fro,  
And watching closely as they go  
Whatever moves or quiet lies  
Upon the earth, or in the skies,  
Or in the everchanging sea,  
They fail to solve the mystery  
Of Nature's origin and laws,  
And overlook the Primal Cause,  
Without the knowledge of whose will  
They wander in the darkness still,  
Or cheated by the fitful glare  
Of science through the murky air,  
They shut their eyes to higher light,  
And fall and perish from our sight.

They who from error are made free  
By him whose voice at Bethany  
Resistless forced the gates of doom,

And brought the sleeper from the tomb,  
Can see with their anointed eyes  
The mystery that hidden lies  
From them whom vanities enthral  
Or superstition's rites appall.  
The world which we by sense perceive  
And pleasure from it oft receive  
Is like those priestly symbols found  
On obelisks with ages crowned  
Along the Nile's enchanted flood  
Whose waters once were turned to blood.  
The traveler these curious lines  
Of ancient learning's sculptured signs  
Inspects, and if he has the key  
That will unlock the mystery,  
He passes through the hallowed door,  
And reads the sacred thoughts of yore.  
So he who views with reverent eyes  
The world of sense that round him lies,  
And all interprets by the word  
Of Him whose voice Judæa heard,  
Removes the veil and wondering sees  
The mystery of mysteries.

As we the panorama view  
Of changing Nature ever new,  
Let us remember whose skilled hand  
Has traced for us the picture grand.  
As on it we enraptured gaze,  
Let us the Mighty Artist praise,  
And in our heart's most sacred shrine  
Burn incense to His art divine.

O witching power of limning Art,  
Source of delight to every heart,  
Whose pleasures never leave behind  
Regretful thoughts to vex the mind,  
May I a moment turn to thee  
Whom I have loved from infancy?  
Thou art fond Nature's dearest child,

Her second self whose manners mild  
Allure us to thy mother's home,  
And lead us in her steps to roam.  
How many a day of joy serene,  
With beauty gracing every scene,  
I've spent with thee in years agone,  
Whose memories crowd my heart upon,  
And waken still the old desire  
Unto thy garlands to aspire.  
With book and pencil have I strayed,  
And counterfeits of Nature made,—  
Of landscapes stretching far away  
Till lost in distance dim and gray,  
Of rocks and stones with moss o'ergrown,  
Of waterfalls in forest lone,  
Of stately trees with vines festooned,  
Where wood-thrush oft his notes attuned,  
Of flower, and bird, and insect race,—  
All these my pencil stopped to trace.  
And thus engaged I wondering found  
An unsuspected world around;  
I saw new beauties every hour  
Unveiled by Art's increasing power;  
What seemed to others commonplace  
To me appeared replete with grace:  
The hut where poverty abode,  
Each group of weeds beside the road,  
The meanest object that I knew,  
When touched by Art's enchantment, grew  
To my no longer clouded sight  
A thing of beauty and delight.  
And this new sense which then she gained  
My soul has ever since retained,  
And ever since with reverent eyes  
Beholds the loveliness that lies  
In common things that seem uncouth  
To minds that seek not hidden truth.

There is a spirit that we call  
The Spirit of Beauty, filling all

Of Nature's works on every hand,  
In the deep sea and on the land;  
And only those whom Truth have crowned  
With purest love are worthy found  
This radiant Spirit to receive  
And lasting impress have it leave  
Upon their hearts, of deepest joy  
That worldly cares cannot destroy.  
This Spirit is the wondrous power  
That in creation's morning hour  
Moved o'er the silent, shoreless sea  
In steps of awful mystery,  
Ere yet sweet joy-inspiring light  
Came forth first-born of ebon Night,  
And ere from out the waters rose  
This earth, which now with beauty glows.

O wondrous Spirit, let me be  
Companion ever meet for thee;  
Take my obedient hand in thine,  
And lead me to thy secret shrine,  
And there anoint afresh mine eyes,  
That I may see thy mysteries;  
Thine own sweet self to me impart  
Until thou fillest all my heart,  
And then a fitting hymn I'll raise,  
O Spirit of Beauty, to thy praise!

True peace, content, and happiness  
Cannot be found, we must confess  
Amid the selfishness of trade,  
Where honor is for riches paid,  
And men—I blush such truth to tell—  
Their very souls for gold will sell!  
My mind has had another bent,  
On different scenes my thoughts intent,  
Where purer light of heaven falls  
Far, far beyond the city's walls,  
On flowery mead, and sparkling rill,  
On rocky glen and wooded hill.

A dream with which my fancy wild  
Has pleased me even from a child  
Has been to have a country home,  
From which my heart should never roam.  
I'd have it far from Traffic's din  
Some wood-surrounded vale within,  
A varied stretch of fertile land  
By hills hemmed in and mountains grand,  
With here and there a crystal stream.  
Whose waters in the sunlight gleam,  
Or, sheltered by the rocks and trees,  
Scarce feel the touch of wanton breeze.  
Toward the southward there should be  
A prospect of the dark blue sea.  
Raised high above the watery waste,  
My cozy mansion should be placed,  
But near enough to hear the roar  
Of tempests on the ocean shore,  
And afterwards to see the sand  
Foam-covered on the rocky strand.

I'd have a house of rustic style,  
Not some pretentious city pile,  
But low, secure, with ample space  
For all that rural life can grace.  
Four rooms below, and six above,  
With the great garret children love,  
Right through the midst an ample hall  
From vestibule to rearward wall,  
And each with window wide and high  
For air and sunlight and the sky,  
Would furnish all the space I need  
To emphasize my rustic creed.  
Upon the walls and slated roof,  
Against the storms of winter proof,  
The clinging ivy should be found  
In glossy clusters massed around.  
Within, the chambers finished plain  
Should simple furniture contain,  
For use and comfort all designed

Yet all displaying taste refined  
Like that which cultured Grecia charmed  
Before her race by wealth was harmed.

A garden park of rolling ground  
This rural cottage should surround,  
Where trees and flowers should grace the scene,  
And other products intervene.  
With spring's first breath of balmy air,  
This garden park should be my care.  
I'd neatly trim the hedges round,  
Train up the vines, and clear the ground  
Of leaves and twigs and withered stalks  
By autumn strown o'er beds and walks.  
The ground prepared by spade and rake,  
Each plot and path with care I'd make,  
And early seeds in order sow  
In spots where they would likeliest grow.  
Soon vegetables should abound,  
And flowery clusters bloom around,  
Each in its season watched with care,  
The useful, redolent, and fair.

While thus engaged I'd hear the song  
Of vernal gladness all day long;  
For fearlessly the birds should come,  
A happy family, round my home:  
The redbreast with his ebon crown,  
The thrush with plumage grey and brown,  
The bluebird herald of the spring,  
The swallow tireless on the wing,  
The oriole with orange breast,  
And sprightly song, and swinging nest,  
The chat that from his heap of brush  
With quivering wing delights to rush,  
And then with somersault retrace  
His way into his hiding place,  
The wren with noisy, bustling ways,  
The mocking-bird with witching lays,  
The flicker with his prying bill,

The night-resounding whip-poor-will,  
The cardinal magnificent,  
The crafty jay on plunder bent,  
The sparrow with its trusting eye,  
The lark, sweet poet of the sky,  
The yellow-throat, the sly chewink,  
The merry, ranting bobolink,  
The cuckoo, prophet of the rain,  
The killdeer, from the distant plain,  
The pewit with its plaintive cry,  
The dove with sorrow-breathing sigh,  
The wood-thrush, rival of the flute,  
The nut-hatch hoarse but never mute,  
The partridge with his shrill bob-white,  
The redbird with his feathers bright,  
The cat-bird with his cunning stare,  
The kingbird, tyrant of the air,  
And terror of the busy hive  
At which he makes his eager dive,  
The chimney-bird with sooty coat,  
And humming-bird with ruby throat,—  
All these should come and many more,  
And bring their music to my door.  
And when the day of darkness born,  
Unlocked the golden gates of morn,  
Awakening the dreaming flowers  
And ushering the rosy hours,  
Then what a concert should resound  
My leaf-embosomed mansion round!  
Not Ole Bull and Jenny Lind,  
With voice and instrument combined,  
Could with a sweeter chorus there  
Enthrill with joy the ambient air.  
And when the health-inspiring sun  
His course across the heavens had run,  
And cooled his ruddy fervency  
In waters of the western sea,  
Those fairy melodies again  
Would flow from meadow, hill, and glen,

Until the night had cast a pall  
Of starry sable over all,  
And universal silence reigned,  
Unless, perchance the owl complained,  
Or whip-poor-will with tireless throat  
Disturbed the echoes with his note.

And I in turn protecting hand  
Would lend to all this tuneful band.  
No sportsman with his cruel eye  
On my domain in wait should lie,  
Or hover round with stealthy tread  
To gloat upon the plamy dead.  
No fierce grimalkin would I keep,  
With horrid claw and fatal leap,  
To make my warbling choir a prey,  
And bear their bleeding forms away.  
No, every feline should be sent  
Into unending banishment,  
Far from each haunt and nesting tree  
Of my sweet band of minstrelsy.  
Free from all danger they should flit  
Among the trees, or swinging sit  
Upon the boughs, or play around  
Suspicionless upon the ground;  
And some in time, familiar grown,  
Would view me as a friend well known,  
And venturing often to my feet,  
From out my open hand would eat.

There would I spend the fleeting years,  
Remote from all tormenting fears  
That fill the city's fevered life,  
Where men with men in Mammon's strife,  
Or wild Ambition's thorny path,  
Fill up the cruel cup of wrath,  
And hurried on from day to day,  
Throw all their precious hours away.  
Divested of sad brooding care,  
Content I'd breathe the quiet air.

Sweet Peace should come with angel wing,  
And Joy domestic with her bring,  
And both within my rustic cot  
Should daily share my humble lot.  
There with my books and busy pen,  
As now, I still would labor then;  
With rambles in the woods and fields,  
To taste the sweets which Nature yields,  
Or wanderings by the lonely shore,  
Where Ocean murmurs evermore;  
And now and then a cherished friend,  
Additional delight, should lend  
To sunny day and cloudless eve,  
As each should give and each receive  
Unconsciously from mind to mind  
The grace of sympathy refined.

My Muse, too timid for the throng,  
Would there renew her feeble song,  
Delighted if a kindly few  
Should hear her simple numbers through,  
And, ever error passing by,  
Regard her verse with partial eye.  
Content with friendship's narrow fame,  
No other audience would she claim;  
Thrice happy to escape the claw  
Of pouncing critic and the law  
By spectacled reviewers passed  
That every poem on a last  
Made by themselves must closely fit,  
Or be condemned as void of wit,  
And destitute of every grace  
That should in verse have constant place.

When Winter, with congealing hand,  
Had waved his sceptre o'er the land,  
And locked with ice the brooks and rills,  
And had the mountains, and the hills,  
And every valley, and the plain  
That stretches to the distant main,

Enveloped in his mantle white  
In token of his kingly right  
To rule the land, till genial May  
Should overturn his icy sway;  
Then, to my studies closely drawn,  
I'd labor from the early dawn  
Until the sun to seek his rest  
Should draw the curtains of the West,  
And through its golden portal glide,  
And in its crimson chamber hide.  
I'd fill my mind with polished thought  
In stores of ancient learning sought,  
And with increasing pleasure trace  
The thrilling story of our race,  
The rise of empires, pride of kings,  
And all that humbler fortune brings  
To them who quiet view afar  
The rush of Glory's ruthless ear.  
But when the eve in vestments gray  
Succeeded to the fleeting day,  
Upon a lounge before the grate  
I'd lie reclined in musing state;  
And as I viewed the ruddy flame,  
So like the fickle glare of fame,  
I'd bid my fancy freely rove  
In vernal mead and autumn grove,  
Or calling up the cherished dead  
To greet me from their lowly bed,  
I'd live again the scenes of yore  
Upon life's happy morning shore,  
Or clasping Hope's enticing hand  
I'd wander on that blooming strand  
Beyond Time's dark and troubled sea,  
Where faith is crowned with victory,  
And where the loved, now missing here,  
In fadeless glory shall appear.

In such employment day by day  
My life obscure would glide away;  
Like rivulet whose waters pass

Unseen beneath the sheltering grass,  
Or clustered alders bending low  
To listen to its purling flow.  
By feet of travel never stirred  
And by the busy world unheard  
It runs all pure and crystalline,  
Fit emblem of that life of mine.  
And such, O Thoreau, was thy lot  
Secluded in thy pine-built cot  
That in the cedar's shadow stood  
Within the depths of Walden wood.  
Leaving the restless crowds behind,  
A sweet communion thou didst find  
With Nature, and her mystic scroll  
With skilful fingers didst unroll,  
Displaying to our duller sight  
Her secrets in a clearer light.  
And thee her strangest child we call,  
Yet one that loved her most of all.  
Thy harmless life with her was passed,—  
And in Earth's bosom now at last,  
Indifferent to smiles or tears,  
Thou sleepest through the changing years.

Alas! for all our plans below,  
Our dreams of life that come and go,  
And with us leave the gloomy thought  
That all our happiness is naught.  
In anxiousness we spend our years  
Alternately with hopes and fears,  
The things we wish we never gain,  
Or win them only to our pain,  
The bitter trials that we fear  
Are mostly certain to appear,  
And as we near at last the goal  
And memory spreads before the soul  
The record of the vanished days,  
We view with terror and amaze  
Neglected duties, evil deeds  
Unhallowed thoughts and selfish needs,

While Conscience stern and pitiless  
Redoubles then our deep distress,  
Till Mercy coming from the skies,  
With tender heart and tearful eyes,  
Leads us to Him who bore our shame,  
And bids us trust in His blest name.

O Thou, the glory of our race,  
In whom all perfectness has place,  
The Sinless Man in whom we see  
The fulness of divinity,  
The Christ of purity and love,  
Of earth and yet from heaven above,  
Thou dead yet living Nazarene,  
The only God our world has seen;  
Thy God adorns Thee with His crown,  
And angels bend adoring down;  
All heaven echoes with Thy fame,  
All demons tremble at Thy name,  
And all their oracles are dumb.  
Thou wast and art and art to come,  
The only hope of weary hearts,  
Whose grace to struggling souls imparts  
Strength not their own and righteousness,  
To lift them from their dire distress.  
On earth we wander lone and sad,  
Till Thee we meet ashamed yet glad.  
Thou cheerest us in trouble's day,  
And drivest all our gloom away;  
To Thee our eyes must ever turn,  
For Thee our love must ever burn,  
In Thee our trust secure will rest,  
By Thee we shall at last be blest,  
Through Thee we yet though dead shall live;  
For Thou eternal life dost give  
To all who trustingly have heard,  
And walked obedient to Thy word.

It cannot be that Fate denies  
The age for which creation sighs,

The age in rapture oft foretold  
By seers and dreaming bards of old,  
The age of universal love  
Like that which reigns in heaven above,  
When Virtue shall resume her sway,  
And mental darkness flee away,  
When Justice, not with penal laws  
Shall sternly reassert her cause,  
But with the voice of Conscience true  
Obtain for all their every due;  
When men no more shall seek for wealth,  
But rather peace and ruddy health,  
Attaining by their simple ways  
To patriarchal length of days,  
And by Religion wisely led  
Gain knowledge at the fountain-head,  
And daily find in Truth's employ  
A rich reward of sweetest joy.  
This golden age will yet appear,  
Already is its advent near;  
Afar upon the orient sky  
The first gray tints of morning lie;  
Soon shall arise our world to bless  
The healing Sun of righteousness;  
Then joy shall banish every fear,  
And Eden's innocence appear,  
And Earth with bridal glory crowned,  
Among her sister stars renowned,  
Shall see angelic hosts descend,  
And mortals with immortals blend.

Fair Buttonwood, how far away  
Am I from thee this summer day,  
Perhaps no more to see the shade  
Where often in the past I strayed.  
Yet calm delight in thee I find  
As I thy scenes recall to mind.  
The glow of summer lingered still  
Within the vale and on the hill,  
The golden-rod his nodding plume

Upraised beside the purple bloom  
Of ironweed and astor pale,  
While by the brookside in the vale,  
Reminder gay of brighter days  
The sunflower spread his yellow rays,  
And on the forest's varied edge,  
Or towering from the hawthorne's hedge,  
The maple trees began to show  
The first red tints of autumn's glow,  
The swallow from the sky was gone,  
The oriole had fled the lawn,  
And in the wood the earliest bird  
That comes from out the north was heard,  
When on a well-remembered day  
I for the first time took my way  
To see thy beauty and to hear  
Kind welcome from the inmates dear.  
As recollection brings to view  
The ones whom once I found so true  
I wonder if I am forgot  
Or deemed as one who now is not.  
I ask, because how very rare  
Is friendship time does not impair,  
Transforming it, howe'er intense,  
At last to cold indifference.  
A very few perchance we find  
Who all their lives continue kind.  
Our joys and sorrows, smiles and tears,  
In spite of absence and of years,  
They gladly share whene'er they learn  
What way the tides of fortune turn,  
But friends are mostly like the gay-  
Plumed warblers of a summer's day,  
That with the radiant June appear  
But vanish in the autumn drear.  
I ask because of one lone friend  
Whom memory is wont to blend  
With thy retreat and welcome shade,  
And whom my Muse in fancy made

The auditor of all her song  
In days serene now vanished long,  
And whom from out her quiet rest  
She thus in rhyming lines addressed:

“O thou whose voice from some near dale,  
Where shades of loneliness prevail,  
Has reached me in my forest glade  
Encompassed with a deeper shade,  
I thank thee with a heart sincere  
For all thy words that greet me here  
From thy dear lips intent to grace  
With commendation every trace  
Of merit in my simple lays.  
Now wreathed by thee with friendship's bays.  
I know not why thou shouldst delight  
To favor me with smile so bright,  
And praise so highly what I wrought  
In such distrust I often thought  
It was a sad misuse of time  
To spend it on my humble rhyme.  
Yet this fond fancy fills my mind  
That thou to me art all so kind  
Because thou long hast been like me  
A rambler near some lonely sea,  
Where nought is heard along the shore  
But billows moaning evermore;  
Or else, afar from sounding main,  
A rover on some upland plain  
Thou hast attained to heights unknown,  
Yet ever sadder, sadder grown  
As thou in that pure realm hast found  
Oppressive solitude around.

“If so, O friend, I can divine  
What thou hast found in verse of mine,  
Can speak for thee the mystic word  
Which often in thy heart is heard,  
And to thy life afford the key  
Which opens every mystery.

“Like me thou lovest woods and streams,  
Like me thou hast thy waking dreams,  
Like me thou longest for a life  
Afar from hate and pride and strife,  
A life in which the law of love  
Should govern all, as those above.  
In thought allied, in heart alike,  
No wonder, then that I should strike  
The magic chords of sympathy  
With my erratic minstrelsy.  
And thy response so sweetly sounds,  
In these my loved yet lonely grounds,  
That thoughts long banished now return,  
And new emotions I discern.  
I think how pleasant it would be  
To visit Nature’s haunts with thee,  
And hear the music which the trees  
Awaken in the passing breeze,  
Or listen to the fairy song  
As endless waters glide along,  
Or gather from each wild retreat  
The hidden blossom fair and sweet.  
And far more pleasant still to me,  
As oft we loitered aimlessly  
In wildest nooks without a fear,  
Would be thy converse making dear  
All spots where we had ling’ring stood,  
In meadow green or leafy wood,  
Or on the far-off mountain crest  
To watch at eve the glowing west.

“But this, O friend, can never be,  
So I afar must think of thee,  
And view thee dimly through the days,  
So often dark, and give thee praise  
For all thou art, for all I see  
Thou seekest earnestly to be.  
If every one but understood,  
Then might we wander where we would;  
But in a world to wrong allied

The innocent are oft denied  
Their kindest, best society,  
That unsuspected they may be.  
Nor is it wisdom to rebel  
Against a custom ordered well  
To check the false, and guard the true,  
And give fair Virtue all her due.  
So if we wisely love and well,  
Still far apart we both must dwell,  
Or meet as those who only feel  
The selfishness they would conceal,  
And who, in their contracted view,  
All but the practical eschew.

“So wonder not if I seem cold,  
And treat thee often as of old.  
My tastes are womanly—my mind  
Affects the simple and refined,  
And like true Muse I gladly flee  
The world’s turmoil and misery,  
And walk in life’s secluded ways,  
Indifferent to blame or praise,  
Except from them whom love may move  
My course to censure or approve.  
And I, with Fancy’s plastic hand,  
Have fashioned an ideal land,  
Where dwell the fair and good and dear  
That worthy of my love appear;  
And there I spend my quiet hours,  
Like child among the vernal flowers.  
So wonder not if thou shouldst find  
The chill reserve, the vacant mind,  
But deem me all the time sincere,  
And know that thou hast naught to fear.  
Left to myself I little feel,  
Or else my kinder thoughts conceal,  
And range in fairy solitudes,  
Where never vain regret intrudes  
To mar the peace which there is mine,  
And which I wish were ever thine.

“Our paths diverge—in separate ways  
We two must pass the thorny maze,  
Debarred from spending sunny hours  
Together with the birds and flowers,  
Till in the west the sinking sun  
Reminded that the day was done,  
And made us murmur that more fleet  
Time should become when life is sweet.

“Be not discouraged—all around  
Each faithful one is holy ground,  
And messengers unseen are sent  
To help us when our strength is spent.  
The visible in which our thought  
Is often centered is as naught  
Compared with that immortal sphere  
Whose confines reach us even here.  
O valued friend, whom I must love  
For what thou wouldest be, look above!  
Within that cloudless ether blue  
Once disappeared from human view  
The Wondrous One to whom we raise  
The holiest anthem of our praise.  
He too, a pilgrim spent on earth  
The years between his lowly birth  
And that dread hour when on the tree  
He suffered, died for thee and me,  
In journeys sad and loneliness  
More dreary far than words express;  
Nowhere on earth a kindred mind  
This man of sorrows e'er could find;  
For who his thought could comprehend,  
Or with his boundless spirit blend?  
To God and man alike allied,  
Alone he lived, alone he died.  
The sympathy whose want he knew  
He gives to all the ages through;  
He comes to us our truest friend,  
And bids us higher paths ascend,  
He causes doubt and fear to cease,

And fills us with his perfect peace,  
He leads us gently by the hand,  
Till on the heavenly mount we stand.

“Our paths diverge, but they shall meet  
Where brighter scenes our eyes shall greet;  
Then, banished every fear of ill,  
We shall our dearest hopes fulfil,  
For in that realm of light afar  
We shall be as the angels are,  
And all the bliss on earth foretold  
Shall realize a thousand fold.  
Still if for human sympathy  
And human friendship pure and free  
Thy heart in secret often sighs  
Till tears bedew thy gentle eyes,  
Accept the humble gift I bring,  
Assured that only truth I sing  
When I confess how near allied  
I feel to thee on friendship’s side,  
And how I wish, though years may fly,  
Our mutual trust may never die,  
But strengthen, till in heaven above  
Our friendship ends in perfect love.”

So sang my Muse in other days  
In hope a tender soul to raise  
From out the gloom that like a pall  
Sometimes enfolds and chills us all.  
She gained her end, and cheered the heart  
Of one who took a transient part  
In life and love, then bade adieu  
To all we linger here to view.

Thus, Buttonwood, these thoughts I find  
Far other things recall to mind,  
That disconnected, yet allied,  
Before my saddened fancy glide.  
I think of thee, and quickly rise  
Unnumbered scenes before my eyes,  
At first all vague and strangely mixed,

But soon distinct in order fixed;  
Sweet pictures of my childish hours,  
Enwreathed with mem'ry's fairest flowers;  
And images of later years  
When hope was yet remote from fears.  
Yes, Buttonwood, how much in thee  
I find that stirs fond memory  
To paint her faded scenes anew,  
And bring the hidden past to view,  
To call up Hope's forgotten dream  
When life was still a placid stream,  
And arch the bow of promise high  
Again across life's morning sky,  
And cause once more Ambition's ear  
Those yet delicious sounds to hear  
Which youth imagined came afar  
From glorious Fame's triumphal car.  
But why again recount the years  
Bedewed so oft with memory's tears?  
No! be their tombs forever sealed,  
And let me without murmur yield  
To those decrees of destiny,  
Which, ruling all, omit not me.

This life is but a changeful day,  
And swift its moments glide away.  
The merry morn delights our eyes  
With dewy flowers and pearly skies,  
The noon beholds us bent in toil,  
Or surging in the world's turmoil;  
Of all soon weary we repine,  
And long to see the sun decline;  
The evening comes with sombre sky  
But finds us unprepared—to die!  
Then why the rage for wealth and fame—  
A heap of gold, a fleeting name?  
Why struggle we so hard for what  
We know can satisfy us not?  
Better avoid the useless strife,  
And turn us to a higher life,

And seek the things that give us peace,  
And our unfading joys increase.

Dear Buttonwood, may peace be thine,  
And light of hope within thee shine,  
Be thine amid the fickle years  
A happiness that never fears,  
And may thy bowers be ever green  
Till Time shall bring the closing scene,  
And thy last inmate leaves thy door,  
To seek thy shelter nevermore!

But, Buttonwood, perhaps too long  
I make this unpretentious song,  
Which wanders like some lonely bird  
That in the autumn may be heard  
Repeating fragments of the tune  
With which it welcomed smiling June,  
Mingled with melancholy strains  
Suggested by the dreary plains  
And naked hills o'er which it flies,  
And for their summer splendor sighs.  
Yet hard it is to say farewell—  
Sad word that like a funeral knell  
Falls ever painful on the ear  
And in the soul re-echoes drear.  
Yet, I repeat; may peace be thine, •  
And Joy for thee her garlands twine;  
And in the future far and dim,  
O cherish still a thought of him  
Who often in the days to come,  
Though destined far from thee to roam,  
In fancy will revisit thee,  
Still mindful of the sympathy  
That bade him come a frequent guest,  
To seek thy shade and grateful rest.  
And should my life attain the years  
The Psalmist crowns with toil and tears,  
May I have gained a safe retreat  
Like thine to rest my weary feet,

Where memory musing o'er the past  
May give me pleasure to the last,  
And win my mind from vacancy  
By oft recurring thoughts of thee.



## ELLEMWOLD.

O look upon that crystal sea,  
Far in the dim futurity,  
    Where tempests never sweep,  
But where the bright waves rise and fall,  
Obedient to the zephyr's call,  
    Along the sunny deep.

In fond embrace its waters hold  
The lovely isle of Ellemwold,  
    To hope forever dear.  
Queen of all isles! its peaceful shore  
A spring-like summer mantles o'er,  
    With blessings all the year.

The softest beams of orient light  
Play round its wood-crowned mountain hight,  
    And o'er its fadeless bowers;  
Its gentle skies the twilight through  
Shed fragrant drops of pearly dew  
    Upon its sleeping flowers.

More beautiful than famed Cashmere,  
Or Tempe's vale to poets dear,  
    Or Paradise of old,  
Not Milton's muse from Eden sent  
Nor all the powers to Raphael lent  
    Could picture Ellemwold.

O how my soul with wild delight  
Was thrilled when first within my sight  
    This isle of beauty came,  
For, lo, it was the bright ideal  
Of all my dreams become the real,  
    Another, yet the same.

Ye dreams of beauty, love, and joy,  
Not you shall wasting years destroy,  
    Or force to pass away;  
Thought is eternal, and the mind  
Its visions realized shall find  
    In forms without decay.

At last, before our longing eyes,  
Our sweet ideals will arise  
    From out the graves of time;  
All deathless then will meet our view  
The beautiful and good and true,  
    The glorious and sublime.

The sympathy here vainly sought,  
The love unchanging and unbought,  
    The friendship pure and warm,  
As sweet realities will come  
To beautify our future home,  
    And all in perfect form.

Alas! for him who fails to find  
One candid, sympathizing mind  
    Or one true-hearted friend;  
More lone he feels amid the crowd  
Than where the tempest rages loud  
    And skies and waters blend.

For he who sails upon the main,  
Or wanders on the desert plain,  
    Or in the pathless woods,  
With Nature's self can converse hold,  
And view her mystic scroll unrolled  
    Or watch her changing moods.

But isolation is the lot  
Of him who seeks, all else forgot,  
    Truth's holy mount to climb;  
He leaves the mob on Folly's plain,  
And mounts the steep with toil and pain  
    To Virtue's hight sublime.

But in that silent, cloudless air,  
Though beautiful are all things there,  
    His soul must dwell alone;  
His cherished thoughts none understand,  
Except the One whose gracious hand  
    Life's upward path has shown.

There yearnings strong beyond control  
For sympathy rise in his soul,  
    And melancholy reigns,  
While from the lower world upborne  
A voice repeats in bitter scorn,  
    O fool, for all thy pains!

Oh, cruel fate! when sundered far  
From sympathy we wage a war  
    Against the powers allied  
To circumvent each generous plan  
Designed to lift the soul of man  
    From ignorance and pride.

Oh, cruel fate! when whom we love  
We strive to elevate above  
    This world's ignoble aims,  
We find our plans misunderstood,  
And evil rendered for our good,  
    And scorned our highest claims.

But this the cruelest of all  
That can the human heart appall,  
    And rend it with despair,—  
To have the friend we've trusted long  
Turn on us with despite and wrong,  
    And hatred's visage wear.

But noble minds will hide their grief,  
And from its tortures find relief  
    In hopes that constant rise  
To cheer us in the gloomy night,  
And bid us wait the morning light  
    That soon will greet our eyes.

Though faulted much, misunderstood,  
And deemed devoid of every good,  
They hold their faith the same,  
That time will yet evolve the true,  
And give all patient hearts their due,  
And crown each higher aim.

But who so willingly a fool  
As he who failing in life's school  
His given task to learn,  
Sighs then for death to give release,  
Determined here to banish peace  
And hinder hope's return?

Then in the gloomiest hour of life,  
Imbittered by the ceaseless strife  
With error and with wrong,  
When on the billows thou art tossed  
And all to fearful eyes is lost,  
Let hope be doubly strong.

Let not the tempter force thy soul  
To yield herself to his control,  
But on thy faith rely;  
Close all the avenues to sin,  
And thou the victory shalt win,  
And every foe shall fly.

Not here we see the final Cause  
That urges Nature's rigid laws,  
Nor comprehend the scheme,  
But we believe the gracious plan  
Includes the happiness of man,  
Though hopeless all may seem.

We wait until the troubled maze  
Of Being opens to our gaze,  
And Life is understood;  
Then will our wondering eyes perceive  
What now reluctant we believe,  
Our evil works for good.

The Cycle has at length revolved,  
The Mystery at last is solved,  
    And all may read who can!  
We'll take the cup of happiness,  
And bid our lips forever bless  
    The One who formed the plan.

Within this isle in safety rest  
The sorrow-stricken and unblest,  
    Soothed by delights untold;  
And youth may bloom but never die,  
And hearts may love but never sigh  
    Within sweet Ellemwold.

This isle was formed for thee and me  
In fairy beauty in that sea  
    Where tempests never come;  
Far from displeasing sight or sound,  
Embosomed in a vale is found  
    Our dreamland's happy home.

The bell which notes our golden years,  
The bell which memory sadly hears,  
    Has for the last been tolled;  
Then let us, ere the fatal Three  
Shall cut the thread of destiny,  
    Seek out this Ellemwold.

Loose anchor from this dreary shore,  
With life's sad wrecks all scattered o'er,  
    And spread our sails anew;  
Hope crushed and bleeding never dies,—  
Behold her from the dust arise,  
    Still to her purpose true.

Hushed is the tempest fierce and loud,  
The light pours through the rifted cloud  
    In streams of molten gold;  
The troubled ocean soon we'll leave,  
Already near us we perceive  
    That tranquil sea foretold.

Let bitter memories of the past,  
With all the darkness round us cast,  
    Into oblivion fly;—  
Thanks for the glorious prospect now,—  
The crown of joy awaits our brow,  
    Bright Ellemwold is nigh!

Now through the waves with rippling sound  
Our frail bark nears the region crowned  
    With amaranthine bowers;  
A few leagues more, and we shall land  
Upon the beach's golden sand,  
    And Ellemwold be ours!

Blow stronger, O ye favoring gales,  
With eager speed fill all our sails,  
    And bring us to the shore!  
We touch—we land—with hearts elate  
We enter Joy's uplifted gate  
    To pass without no more.

## AUTUMNAL MUSINGS.

## I. RADNOR.

I'm in old Radnor! 'Tis to me a place  
Sacred above all others; here my eyes  
First saw the light of heaven and the face  
Of that best friend, my mother; here the skies  
Seemed ever lovely, as amid the bowers  
Of summer I beguiled my childish hours.

No other home on earth can be so sweet  
As that in which our consciousness begins,  
And love and hope in one existence meet  
To share alike the good that either wins.  
The brightest thoughts of life are treasured there,  
And memory guards the trust with ceaseless care.

O Radnor, though to some thy quiet vales  
And rocky hills have little to commend,  
And other lands are praised for brighter dales  
And woodlands vast where grace and beauty blend,  
I fondly think of thee where'er I roam;  
Thou art my natal ground, my earliest home.

Within thy groves and on thy meadows green  
My infant feet first loitered, and my eyes  
First learned to trace the beauties ever seen  
In nature, and my mind first strove to rise  
From out the visible and fleeting here  
To Him who sits above the crystal sphere.

Now after years of absence I've returned—  
Years of far wandering and constant change—  
To greet thee with the accents which I learned  
From my loved parents. O how passing strange  
The mingling of the old and new this morn,  
As here I rest awhile where I was born!

O glorious morning! who can sing thy power  
To waken life and hope within the soul,  
Or paint the splendors of thy regal hour,  
When nature yields once more to thy control?  
An inspiration and a joy thou art  
To all who love thee with a simple heart.

The sun is up, and o'er the hilltop brown  
His mellow beams fall slanting on the trees,  
While here and there the leaves and thistle down  
Whirl in the eddies of the south-west breeze.  
It is in drear November, but the glow  
Of Indian summer brightens all below.

A few long bars of red and purple cloud,  
Deep fringed with gold, across the eastern sky  
Lie motionless. The sun appears to crowd  
Upon them with his disk of ruddy dye,  
Which much enlarged, and freed from dazzling light,  
And glare of summer, is a pleasing sight.

The haze of autumn fills the ambient air,  
And vails all distant objects in its gray;  
Along the streams that course the meadows bare  
Faint forms of mist like sprites of midnight stray,  
And, as I gaze, upon the breeze they rise,  
And slowly vanish in the amber skies.

October's winds and rains soon stripped the wood  
Of all the beauty that September gave  
Of varied color; but the oaks withstood  
The ruthless storms, their flaunting leaves to save.  
They, with the cedars, lift their heads in air,  
Like giant chiefs that all their armor wear.

The flowers have drooped and died, the gentle race  
That through the spring and summer cheered my  
heart,  
And through th' early autumn; now their place  
Is vacant; late I saw the last depart.  
Their wilted stems a mournful sight will lie,  
Till by the snow they're buried from the eye.

## II. THE BIRDS.

The sweet south-west has spent its playful force,  
And all is silent now, save yonder rill  
Whose waters murmur o'er their pebbly course.  
A moment more—I hear the blue jay from the hill;  
There on a tall and slender chestnut tree,  
He hoarsely scolds, and wakes the echoes free.  
  
The flicker and the nuthatch too I hear  
From out the timber, and the wary crow  
Circles around the corn-shocks standing near,  
And early snow-birds by the roadside show  
Their winter plumage, as they hunt the seeds  
Scattered among the grass and fallen weeds.

How dear to me is every sight and sound!  
For these plumed denizens of woods and fields  
Appear like cherished friends long lost now found.  
And what a pleasure this reunion yields  
Of bird and poet on this autumn day,  
When dreamy thought resumes its olden sway.

The jay has flown, but here some robins come,  
And perch upon the cedars at my right;  
Save a sharp chirp, each redbreast now is dumb,  
Food is their only care, and soon their flight  
They'll take to climes beyond stern winter's reign,  
And greet the sun o'er many a southern plain.

Of all the birds that animate the grove,  
Or cheer with melody the haunts of men,  
Thou, Robin, art the one that most I love;

And in the radiance of the spring-time, when  
The whitened orchards scent the genial air,  
No other music can with thine compare.

But, Robin, in the melancholy day  
Of autumn must thy tuneful voice be still?  
For Summer dead hast thou no fitting lay  
To mingle with the dirges of the rill?  
Ah, no! thy song's the echo of the Spring,  
And only in her smile thy heart would sing.

That heart, perchance, is like my own this morn,  
Filled with sad memories of the parting year,  
And faded hopes that in the spring were born,  
And decked my young life, then serene and clear,  
Now often darker than the clouds that fly  
Upon the storm that sweeps the wintry sky.

Yet sometimes when a sunny day appears,  
Straying from out the spring into the fall,  
And with its warmth wan drooping nature cheers,  
I've heard thee, robin, drop thy plaintive call,  
And fill the welkin with a joyous sound,  
Forgetful of the desolation round.

And such a day methinks will this one be,  
A day of sunshine to the eye and soul,  
Bringing to view sweet scenes of infancy,  
With hill and rock and stream and flowery knoll,  
And leading forth those youthful forms once more  
That played with me in merry days of yore.

### III. THE LANDSCAPE.

The sun mounts higher, 'tis a fitting time,  
The world shut out, to lose one's self in dreams  
And gentle memories. But this hill I'll climb,  
And view the landscape in the morning beams.  
I've gained the top, and on a mossy stone  
I set me down to gaze and muse alone.

Before me in the sunlight far away  
Southward the cultured fields of Newtown lie,  
And eastward, gilded by the morning ray,  
The rugged farms of Easttown greet mine eye;  
In Chester this, in Delaware that is found,  
Two counties that in rural joys abound.

I like the prospect, though the flowers are gone,  
And nature to the careless eye is dead,  
And all seems desolate to gaze upon;  
For even in the naked boughs o'erhead  
What graceful forms and lines I see revealed—  
The beauties that their summer robes concealed.

Unlike the city with its noisome streets  
And cramped up houses, is the scene I view.  
Here the pleased fancy her own picture meets  
In Nature's groups and action, form and hue.  
O'er all the eye delighted wanders slow,  
And notes each object in the morning glow.

The beautiful is here in earth and sky,  
Appealing to each gazer's mind and heart,  
And giving glimpses of the depths that lie,  
And the vast heights unreached by limning art.  
For who a single tree has yet portrayed,  
Or with his brush the tints of morning laid?

#### IV. THE SEASONS.

I like, in all the seasons, every scene  
Where traces of divinity are found,  
Where man's work does not wholly intervene  
To shut out every natural sight and sound:  
I love the winter's drapery of snow,  
The Spring's rich bloom, the Summer's fervid glow.

And thee I love, O June, whose pearly skies  
And blushing roses charmed my boyish heart,  
And now, in later years, whose azure eyes  
Bewitch me yet; nor will it soon depart,

The spell thou hast around me, thou most dear  
Of all the daughters of the changing year.

Ah! once my fancies seemed realities,  
As wandering in thy woods or by thy streams,  
I listened to the murmur of thy bees,  
Or saw at sunset hour thy magic beams  
Transform the landscape to a glorious sight,  
Like that where angels dwell in holy light.

But most I love the hazy autumn days,  
When leaves are gayest and the later flowers  
Still deck the meadows, and the yellow rays  
Of sunshine glimmer through the woodland bowers,  
And gaudy warblers from the Northland come,  
Threading our forests on their passage home,—

The days when nature sits upon her throne,  
In royal robes of richest purple dressed,  
And wonders of magnificence are shown  
Like those within the Islands of the Blest,—  
These are my choice of all the retinue  
Led by the sun his yearly circuit through.

How often did I, in the years long past,  
Upon such days go forth to gratify  
My taste for autumn scenery. Then I cast  
Away all worldly feeling, putting by  
The cares of life, and giving fancy wing,  
Till like the blithe lark she would soar and sing.

Some chosen spots had I in those bright days,  
Where frequently I rambled, and allowed  
My soul to dwell with Nature and her ways  
Admire, oblivious of the noisy crowd.  
I well remember one—a meadow wide  
Spreading along the forest's southern side.

A brook with alders skirted flowed along  
The woodland, singing to the open day,  
Or murmuring in the shade its endless song.

It was a lonely spot, as some would say;  
But who where nature smiles can lonely be  
Lacks yet fit culture for society.

There, in the spring, the violets first were found,  
There in the fall the latest asters stood,  
There, culling blossoms, I have wandered round,  
Or musing lingered in the shady wood.  
O happy autumns, rich in golden dreams,  
How sweetly sad to-day your memory seems!

#### V. MEDITATION.

Full many an hour beneath some spreading tree  
Have I reclined without a single care,  
And there consigned myself to reverie,  
With fancies formless as the misty air,  
Till like a leaf upon the waters tossed,  
In thought's infinity I wandered lost.

And as I lay under the sheltering tree,  
Through the cleft branches I would turn mine eye,  
And gaze upon that silent mystery,  
The blue and boundless ocean of the sky,  
Whose ships are clouds that sail the earth around,  
A restless fleet that to no port is bound.

A silent mystery the sky I call,  
Yet silence has a meaning, and I felt,  
As long I gazed upon the azure, all  
That can the heart with gentle speeches melt  
To tenderness; then yearned I for the pure  
And good that everlastingly endure.

What are these longings?—all this strange unrest,  
This turning to the Infinite alone?—  
That have their place in every feeling breast,  
And, like the billow, make continual moan?  
Is it the plaining of a homeless soul,  
Exiled to time and under earth's control?

Returning then to self and consciousness,  
I'd find the mysteries of Being rise,  
And eager on my startled spirit press  
For their solution: I would close my eyes,  
Till reason, weary of the fruitless toil,  
Upon herself would hopelessly recoil.

Glad then I'd look upon the world without,  
Away from the invisible—look on the face  
Of smiling Nature: she without a doubt  
Was real; she, respondent to the place  
Of sense and feeling, gave to me delight,  
Filling my soul with scenes of beauty bright.

And now I come these visions to renew,  
To live the dead but unforgotten Past again.  
O'erhead the morning sky is still as blue,  
As pure and balmy is the air, as when  
I courted nature in the olden time,  
And hope's wild bells rang out their sweetest chime.

Our day-dreams are the bright effulgence cast  
Down from the summits of perpetual joy,  
Which we shall scale triumphantly at last,  
Forever purified from earth's alloy;  
Then mysteries so long from all concealed  
In light ineffable will stand revealed.

## VI. NATURE.

I was the youngest of our family  
By near ten years. The rest to manhood grown,  
Or womanhood, could have no sympathy  
With childhood's reveries; so left alone,  
Companionship I sought in field and grove  
With Nature, whom I early learned to love.

I wandered with my charmer everywhere,  
Morn, noon, and eve, in sunshine or in shade;  
And in her cloud-roofed temple of the air  
Homage sincere my eager spirit paid,

Till reverence for her and silent praise  
Became the worship of my early days.

But I was formed for gentleness and peace,  
And only with her smiles could nature charm;  
Her frowns made all my admiration cease,  
And filled my breast with tremors of alarm:  
With dread I saw the lurid lightnings fly,  
As the loud thunder shook the earth and sky.

Since then I've loved such elemental strife,  
(Oft custom makes us love the thing once feared,)  
I've felt a joy when furious storms were rife,  
Or horrid War his bloody standard reared,  
When the red bolts of heaven to earth were hurled,  
Or deadly cannon startled half the world.

Filled with her inspiration oft I sketched  
Bright pictures of my future, lovelier far  
Than all the autumn landscape she had stretched  
Before me; crowned with amaranth the car  
Of fame I mounted, and was named and praised  
By countless thousands who with wonder gazed.

And thus began my dream-life, and the wild  
And beauteous fancies that the poets bind  
To word and measure came to me a child,  
Filling with admiration all my mind;  
And scarcely knowing yet or verse or rhyme,  
I joyed in all things lovely or sublime.

#### VII. THE MORAL.

This is the lesson that I daily learn,  
As I behold the world of constant change:  
Never despair, but from the darkness turn,  
And let thy spirit in the future range,  
Then olden joys from out their graves will rise,  
And golden sunshine cover all the skies.

For him who to his better self is true,  
The brighter future in the present dawns;

Instead of clouds the heavens serene and blue,

Instead of waste green meads and flowery lawns  
Await his smile, if he but dry his tears,  
Rise in his strength, and banish all his fears.

The probable is mine and all beside

That man has e'er accomplished, even more  
Than the most daring of our race has tried

I may attain, and reach the farthest shore  
Of truth and joy, there make my anchor fast,  
And of Columbuses become the first and last.

Mine is eternity in which to work

Out all the good a finite being can,  
No failures, then, nor wily foes that lurk  
For my destruction shall my plan  
E'er thwart, or fill my soul with craven fears;  
Light springs from darkness, heaven from sorrow's  
tears.

### VIII. CONSOLATION.

There is an inspiration in the scenes

Of genial nature that oft fills the soul,  
Dispelling every cloud that intervenes

Between ourselves and the receding goal  
Of expectation. Light again returns,  
And in the fresh pursuit our ardor burns.

How often when with weary, downcast mind,

I looked in vain for Hope's sweet, sunny face,  
Have I the scenes of men left far behind,

And sought the silence of some lonely place,  
Deep hidden in the shadows of the grove,  
Where free from all intrusion I could rove.

Years, years ago, on the far distant hills

Inclosing Somerset with oak and pine,  
Ere yet the gentians by the meadow rills

Yielded their azure to the cold malign,  
I took my way in bitterness of thought  
And the seclusion of the woodlands sought.

As here and there my aimless steps I bent  
Amid the trees luxuriantly that grew,  
Soon was I on their graceful forms intent,  
And quiet pleasure from their beauty drew,  
Till all forgetful of each gloomy care,  
I lived in golden light and balmy air.

And as the sunshine glimmered through the screen  
Of many-colored leaves touched by the frost,  
A little bird enraptured by the scene,  
A reminiscence of the Eden lost,  
Burst forth into a song that seemed to be  
A prophecy of endless peace to me.

We never know what trials we can bear  
Until we feel their weight upon the soul,  
Then, though in anguish, we a smile can wear,  
Like water sparkling o'er a rocky shoal,  
And in appearance even gladsome be,  
When we are plunged in deepest misery.

Full many a trouble that had been my dread,  
Though only possible to me it seemed,  
When to it I by destiny was led,  
Was finally of little moment deemed;  
So facile are our natures to conform  
Themselves unto the winter and the storm.

Brave spirits are elastic, and they rise  
Above the cruel strokes of destiny;  
Aspiring ever unto cloudless skies,  
From fell despair to winsome hope they flee,  
And find a home within that beauteous land  
Themselves create upon life's barren strand.

#### IX. ASPIRATION.

Why must our hopes outrun fulfilment? We  
Are forced to gaze upon the unattained,  
Like mariners hurled by the angry sea  
Upon a naked rock, where they have gained

A respite brief from death, while in the skies  
Mirage of fertile shores deceive their eyes.

We live false lives—Society enslaves  
How many souls whose natural heritage  
Is freedom, and the one who fearless braves  
The cruel tyrant, and redeems the age  
From social chains, will gain himself a crown  
More precious far than Valor's red renown.

We wear our fetters, and we ceaseless toil  
Our artificial wants to satisfy,  
We murmur daily at our prison toil,  
Yet hug our chains until at last we die.  
What good accomplished?—Oh, how vain  
Is human life spent all for sensuous gain!

Better to walk in Nature's narrow way,  
And give the body only that much care  
Which rugged health demands from day to day,  
With simplest food its constant waste repair,  
The plainest garments choose that art can name  
To shield from cold and cover up our shame.

To eat, to drink, to dress with barbarous taste,  
To make a formal call, to bandy words  
Of trivial politeness, or to waste  
Our hours of leisure on the restless herds  
Of idlers that infest each social scene,—  
Is scarce a reasonable life, I ween.

More than the body is the mind of man,  
And therefore should receive the greater care,  
To know, to speak, to act the best we can,  
Ills unavoidable with hope to bear,—  
For this let us arouse our sluggish powers,  
And soon or late the victory is ours.

A little cot beneath the stately trees,  
That shield from Summer's heat and Winter's storm,  
A quiet nook where simple life with ease

Can unto Nature's various moods conform,  
Is all man needs for home-like shelter here,  
Where he can pass secure the changing year.

True industry is that which counts the cost  
Of all things it endeavors to secure,  
And dreads lest precious moments should be lost  
In seeking riches that cannot endure;  
The things that never perish are its care,  
Wisdom divine and Virtue ever fair.

Our soul's ideals let us keep in view,  
For they are harbingers of golden days,  
Inviting us to force our passage through  
The present world's entangled thorny maze,  
And in the glorious future shall appear,  
The good and beautiful we see not here.

Even on the earth do Wisdom's children find  
A foretaste of the heaven for which they sigh,  
Whose peace refreshing fills the child-like mind,  
Whose joys inspiring all around them lie;  
Life's precious chalice is our own to fill  
With bitterness or sweetness as we will.

Our lives are linked with Nature, and all things  
Created claim our praise or sympathy,  
And every one with us an offering brings  
Unto the altar of a common destiny;  
They work for good to us, and in the end  
Their immortality with ours may blend.

Man is the center of creation, all for him  
Exists, and he for God, whose perfect scheme,  
Set forth in types to us and shadows dim,  
Appears more wondrous than the wildest dream;  
And as a diamond to a mound of earth,  
So man to suns is of superior worth.

For him the Christ upon Mount Calvary  
Poured out the precious blood that saves from sin,  
Enduring shame and untold agony,

That life eternal faithful souls might win,  
And crowns of righteousness henceforth belong  
And endless rapture to the blood-washed throng.

#### X. CHILDHOOD.

It is a common notion of mankind

That life is sweetest, happiest in its spring,  
Because in looking back we call to mind  
Instinctively the pleasures, and we bring  
Ourselves to thinking that the pains were none,  
And into self-deception thus we run.

I cannot always trust the tales that come  
From Memory's lips. Schooled by Romance,  
She speaks, and shadowy forms long dumb  
Burst into witching song or lead the dance:  
Changed to a vista of delight appears  
The thorny path of far receded years.

Yet I can truly say of Childhood's morn,  
That its fair scenes were what they now appear,  
For many a lovely rose without a thorn,  
Was mine, and many a hope without a fear;  
And battling now to free the souls of men,  
And downcast oft, I'd be a child again.

My first years spent in Radnor, then to thee,  
Tredyffrin, came I in the spring-time mild,  
With simple heart that joyed in all things free,  
A lover of the beautiful and wild,  
Confiding, hopeful, watching Nature's ways,  
Unlearned in books, those friends of later days.

I well remember when my father moved,  
With mother, sister, and our household goods,  
And me his youngest and most dearly loved,  
To our new home beside the chestnut woods.  
It stood half-hidden by two cherry trees,  
Whose blossoms scented then the vernal breeze.

The house looked south, its walls were mica slate,  
The front was narrow, on the eastern side  
A long piazza faced the garden gate:  
A rural manse, where resting place for pride  
Was found not, but content could come  
And have beneath its roof a genial home.

In that abode where want and luxury,  
With all their evils were alike unknown,  
With food and clothing in sufficiency,  
And needed care to mind and morals shown,  
I passed my boyhood till, become a man,  
In the wide world life's struggle I began.

#### XI. RAMBLES.

Fair and romantic was the neighborhood,  
Varied with hills and dales on every side;  
Far-stretching north and east the forest stood  
Of oak and chestnut in their sylvan pride,  
While laurels clustering thick upon the ground,  
Or arching o'er the winding paths were found.

Here warblers of gay tint and sprightly song  
Came numerous in the Summer, Spring or Fall,  
Making the woodlands vocal all day long  
With joy's wild note or love's sweet plaintive call,  
While from his covert oft the rabbit strayed,  
Or whirring pheasant darted from the shade.

To me these woods seemed full of mysteries,  
As I explored their depths with curious awe,  
Or lay upon the moss beneath the trees,  
And pondered silently on all I saw.  
The beautiful I sought in all around,  
And what I sought in everything I found.

Soon in my lonely rambles I had grown  
Familiar with each flower and tree and bird,  
Each moss-grown rock and even every stone,  
And all the varied sounds in woodland heard,

From the faint murmur of the hidden rill,  
To the loud boom of grouse upon the hill.

All these by sight or sound, if not by name,

I knew, for I was then in books unread,  
And ignorant of jargons that men claim

As science, which, from many a foolish head,  
Issue in learned words or pompous phrase  
That fill the thoughtless hearer with amaze.

I learned to use the pencil, and acquired

A measure of the skill of limning art  
To reproduce the forms and colors I admired,

Preserving thus their loveliness in part.  
And in the effort gained increase of sight  
To view the handiwork of God aright.

Thus was my heart attuned to harmony

With the great world of Being, as I stood  
Upon the threshold of its mystery;

And looking upon every work as good,  
That power divine had wrought, soon was I led  
To know and love great Nature's Source and Head.

Call ye such life the idler's? I reply

That this was my best training, and the way  
To grow in strength and fairest symmetry.

The seeds of all good purposes that lay  
Within my soul were started, took firm root,  
And bore in after years their wonted fruit.

Who is the idler but the one who toils

To gather wealth he needs not?—thus to fill  
His armory of life with golden foils

To fight a foe he never sees nor will.

He wastes his time with things he does not use,  
But stores them up for others to abuse.

## XII. A SUBJECT.

I want a subject—one to serve as text  
For numerous stanzas. I can finish one

Without a special theme; but then the next  
And sundry more cannot be easily done  
Without a subject. I shall look around,  
For some suggestive thing can soon be found.

Byron, I think,—I do not read his verse,  
But saw this in an extract—somewhere speaks,  
In the Childe Harold or a poem worse,  
Of certain poets that were surely freaks  
Of nature, for they never rhymed nor brought  
To light in any shape a single thought.

Such poets had no pressing need, I ween  
Of subjects or of objects for their muse,—  
No need the well-raked fields of thought to glean,  
Or into withered leaves fresh life infuse.  
For one and all silence they had alone,  
And but for Byron they had died unknown.

If this be true—I rather doubt it though—  
How grandly eloquent may often be  
The poetry of silence, and the flow  
Of human speech when words are still! To me  
Has Nature been less partial: I must write,  
Erase, rewrite, before my lines are dight.

I've ended the last stanza with a word,  
A monosyllable, now obsolete,  
Of which the reader may have never heard:  
I tacked it on to make the rhyme complete.  
“Dight to prepare” says good authority;  
This bit of information I give free.

Perhaps the reader does not like my style,  
Or thinks the things expressed are rather trite.  
If so, please pity me before you smile;  
It is no common toil for me to write:  
I am no poet born; nor constant well  
The founts of song like waters in the dell.

I'm working at my best ability,  
And if you're wearied just upon the start,

Then put my rugged verse aside: you're free,  
And so am I; and I for my own part  
Will labor on, and do the best I may.  
The choice is mine—I'll write for many a day.

But then I want a subject—one that's named.  
'Tis hard to write without a special theme;  
My Pegasus as yet has not been tamed;  
And void of subject rather odd may seem  
My cantos. I'll not court a silent muse.  
Rather the amaranth of fame I'd lose.

Yes, I am somewhat choice about a name;  
One neither very short nor very long  
Will serve my purpose best. Rather too tame  
Are monosyllables for stately song,  
And hard to manage are long words like that  
Which two lines back comes in so smooth and pat.

“There's nothing in a name,” so Shakespeare said,  
But I am forced to think the poet lied,  
Or if you deem me by that phrase ill bred,  
Please change it then to this: the point's denied.  
There's magic in a name: most men are known  
To reverence names more than Jehovah's throne.

There's magic in a name, and with the crowd  
Name and idea, word and thing are one.  
Go to the rabble, call the charm aloud;  
How quickly to the potent sound they run.  
Ring but the changes—every act you do  
Is godlike, every lie you tell is true!

There's magic in a name: the simple sound  
Of cherished ones by demagogues is used  
To lead our thoughtless masses, and is found  
A power for ill. Freedom is thus abused:  
Thousands bewitched by this word have been known  
To blast their country's welfare and their own.

There's magic in a name: go turn your eyes  
To sunny France, pronounce Napoleon:\*

\*Written when Louis Napoleon was Emperor.

From heart to heart the thrilling echo flies  
Of that by which an empire has been won!  
Yes, millions by the wonder-working power  
Of that great name are governed every hour.

Am I digressing from my theme? Well then,  
I beg the reader's pardon,—'tis a fault  
Common to all who use the tongue or pen,  
And few there are that care at once to vault  
Upon their topic; they must wander round,  
View it askance, and map the neighboring ground.

Besides, I have not yet the subject named  
Which I at starting should have had in mind;  
Then, after all, let me not much be blamed;  
I'll reach my text in time: so reader kind,  
Bear with my past deflections, and I'll make  
But few in future for the Muse's sake.

### XIII. SAINT DAVID'S CHURCH.

Below me south upon a small plateau,  
Sheltered by cedars and begirt with tombs,  
Stands a stone house to which the people go  
At stated times to worship. It assumes  
Too much, I think, to call this ancient pile  
A church. Such speech would force a Paul to smile.

Yet church it is in theologic phrase,  
And I shall not delay to argue here  
Its impropriety. In modern days  
But little meaning have such terms, I fear,  
And with the prejudiced, untutored mob,  
To change a name is oft a bootless job.

Ho then, I have a subject! This gray house  
Will do. 'Tis old, suggestive, and I think  
That from its solitude not e'en a mouse  
Would prove to me an unimportant link  
For binding verse with verse, and giving tone  
To homely poetizing like my own.

“Saint David’s Church,” the subject of my song,

Though who Saint David was I scarcely know,  
To some old calendar he may belong,

A monk, perchance, that lived long years ago,  
And saving grace, which only faith can gain,  
Sought in strange words and self-inflicted pain.

And yet on second thought I can recall

That this one was the patron saint of Wales,  
Who in that land of mountains outran all

His fellow pilgrims, who to him were snails,  
And he a hare, unlike the fabled one,  
Who sped, and slept not till the race was done.

Throughout the first and golden age of truth,

When pardon was proclaimed by heaven-sent men,  
And when the Church of Christ in spotless youth

Was clothed in robes of regal beauty, then  
The Christians all were saints, as we may learn  
If we to some of Paul’s epistles turn.

But men loved innovation; and the form,

Simple and pure, in which the gospel came  
From God by inspiration, and gushed warm

From human lips touched by the heavenly flame,  
Was soon corrupted; then by priests were made  
Worship and creeds of every style and shade.

And sects have multiplied in Christendom

Each with a different form and dialect,  
That when we try to count them and to come

At each one’s doctrine, we are forced direct  
To think of Babel, that most ancient town  
Whose tale is in the Bible handed down.

Old Church! of fragments from the hard, dark rock

Thy massive walls were built, now hoar with time  
And overrun with ivy. Thou the shock

Of eight score winters hast withstood sublime.  
Time has not marred thee—he will let thee stand  
For aye—thy danger is from human hand.

The spirit of conformity is rife,  
And bold in these degenerate days;  
The old is little reverenced, and the strife  
Is for new fashions, while the simple ways  
And customs that our fathers dearly prized  
By supercilious upstarts are despised.

And here I see thy peril. Fane antique;  
Thy simple architecture does not make  
A fitting theater for those who seek  
To show their gold and satin, and they'll take  
Umbrage at all thy quaintness, and the smell  
Of ancient timber, and—but time will tell.

Yes, time will tell thy fate, but here I say,  
If poet's imprecation can avail,  
The impious hand that from thy stones away  
The first one tries to tear shall instant fail  
Of all its ill-used strength, and palsied fall  
To warn all desecrators of thy wall.

They tell us that in Queen Anne's glorious reign,  
When England by repeated victories  
Became the mistress of the stormy main,  
And arbitress of Europe's destinies,  
The Church that Harry Tudor built in state  
Gave thee a service of communion plate.

They tell us, too, that in the troubled days  
When our forefathers, scorning tyranny,  
Began with strong and zealous hands to raise  
A temple to their goddess Liberty,  
The soldiers stripped thee of each window bar,  
And of the lead made bullets for the war.

And Superstition has around thee thrown  
The mysteries of his unearthly power,  
And many a sheeted specter has been known  
To haunt thy shades at midnight's silent hour,  
And from their graves upraised the coffined dead  
Have filled lone travellers with speechless dread.

Nor is thy name as yet unknown to song:  
The bard who wrote the legend of a race  
Now gone, and who will be remembered long  
For graceful verse, once came and took a place  
Among thy worshipers, then sang of thee  
In numbers of heart-touching melody.

All this I pray, old house, may serve to keep  
Thy ancient structure from the Vandal hand  
Of Progress, that disturbs the quiet sleep  
Of death, and overthrows throughout the land  
The monuments our predecessors reared  
To make their days remembered and revered.

Old Church! within thy venerable walls  
What fearful struggles of the heart have been,  
What wrestling of the soul with Duty's calls  
To leave the paths of waywardness and sin.  
Oft Truth resisted hopeless went her way  
To meet the stubborn in the Judgment day.

Yet oft in tender mood she found the soul  
Abased and helpless, waiting for its Lord,  
Willing to yield itself to his control,  
And waiting only the inviting word,  
She raised the humbled ones with hand divine,  
And led them forth in righteousness to shine.

O tell me not of famous victories,  
Won on the bloody field of carnal strife,  
Where frantic men ambitious chiefs to please,  
Upon the shrinking earth pour out their life,  
And bitter cries from stricken homes resound  
That one vain brow with glory may be crowned.

The grandest triumphs that the earth has known,  
In their results the most important far,  
Where things more precious than an empire's throne  
Have been the object of a desperate war,  
Are those upon the heart's great battle-field  
When Satan unto Christ is forced to yield.

## XIV. THE CRITICS.

Thy name, O Church, may all those critics please  
Who often on us luckless poets fall,  
And, reckless of our protestations, seize  
Our limping verses, and then furious call  
The public to behold, while tooth and nail  
They bite and claw us till their spirits fail.

I've small regard for critics as a class;  
They are a whimsical, uncertain race,  
And foolish judgments many times they pass  
While sitting in their self-appointed place:  
They wield their pens to eulogize or kill,  
As their digestion may be good or ill.

Still with them all I here would compromise;  
My verse is homely both in sense and sound;  
A pleasant name to please their ears and eyes  
Will prove to me no common vantage ground;  
Charmed by a title they will praise indeed  
The contents of a book they do not read.

So not with harsh complaining I would fall  
In turn upon these often useful men.  
They serve as advertisers when they call  
The public eye upon us, and we then  
Commit to time whatever we have done,  
That wisely judges who has lost or won.

I sent some stanzas of a poem to a friend,  
For his opinion of my humble muse,  
That I might learn what lines I ought to mend;  
Light task! Such grateful service to refuse  
I never knew a critic howe'er learned,  
So I had much advice posthaste returned.

In years agone this friend had greatly praised  
The feeble lines my boyish fancy traced,  
And now my hopes in consequence were raised

To hear again his plaudit. All misplaced  
Had been my confidence, for he the plan,  
Style, measure, all condemned—the fickle man!

Awhile I felt disheartened, and my muse,  
With drooping wing, hid in the laurelled side  
Of old Parnassus, and I thought to lose  
My cherished bird, so humbled was her pride.  
Next day the shock was over, and she rose  
And sang defiance to all carping foes.

But wherefore, ask you, was this change of mind  
In one so ready once to offer praise?  
The reason here, dear reader, you will find:  
I'd changed entire the fashion of my lays;  
Careless of pausing at a rhyme, I'd run  
The sentence onward till the thought was done.

Of course I often missed that nice effect  
Which springs from pairing lines in cadence sweet,  
Whose servile meaning, as we must expect,  
Contracts or else expands so many feet,  
That like a seesaw teeter up and down,  
And please with trivial smoothness all the town.

#### XV. COWPER AND MILTON.

I own I do not like that kind of verse, . . .  
So common in our day, in which the sound  
Has little sense, or, what is tenfold worse,  
In which the sheerest nonsense oft is found.  
The writers think the only things required  
Are vapid thoughts in jingling words attired.

Not such was thine, O Cowper, when the Task,  
By gentle lips inspired, flowed from thy pen.  
Thou all that taste refined should ever ask,  
Or truth severe but just demand from men,  
Did'st in thy clouded years, wreath into lines  
Whose beauty like the golden Autumn shines.

We love to rove with thee o'er Olney's hills,  
And with thy playful spirit converse hold,  
We love thy song attuned to Summer rills,  
Or to the breeze that sways the forest old.  
Thou shonest Nature till, in sweet accord,  
We join thy praises of her glorious Lord.

And while our noble English speech shall stand,  
And men shall love the gentle and the pure,  
Thy verses still will charm in many a land,  
And thy sad story and thy fame endure.  
No need of bronze or marble graved by art;  
Thy name will be enshrined in many a heart.

Nor thine, O Milton, prince of epic song,  
Whose daring genius, bursting every bound,  
Did to the heaven of heavens her flight prolong,  
And sweep the farthest realm of chaos round.  
A name more lustrous or a loftier mind  
Among the sons of earth we fail to find.

As one who lived before the judgment throne,  
With duty thou didst measure all thy days,  
Nor think to call thy matchless gifts thine own,  
But used them ever to the Master's praise.  
With error waging a relentless strife,  
Thy noblest poem was thine earnest life.

The more we know of thee the more we love  
Thy pure exalted nature. Thou no part  
Hadst with ignoble aims, but raised above  
The vain and fleeting, with unequalled art  
Didst picture Virtue till with fond desire  
To climb her flowery heights we all aspire.

Thy muse descended from the mount of song  
To set thy people, soul and body, free,  
And most indignant at thy country's wrong,  
Her thrilling words rang out for liberty;  
Till feared and hated by tyrannic crowds,  
She took her wondrous flight beyond the clouds.

Thine eyes, though outwardly so fair and bright,  
 Were dark within to noontide's piercing ray;  
 Thy spirit, filled with Truth's eternal light,  
 Shone forth resplendent as the orb of day,  
 Poor, blind, forsaken, in thy latter years,  
 With hope thou dwelt, apart from grief and fears.

Two densely crowded centuries have fled,  
 Since thou wast given to the earth's embrace,  
 And countless magnates to oblivion led,  
 Who dreamed unfading bays their brows would grace;  
 But thou art still beloved of deathless fame,  
 That higher through the years exalts thy name.

And in the glories of that better day,  
 When Truth shall reign upon the earth supreme  
 No grander muse than thine shall verse essay,  
 Or wed to numbers a sublimer theme:  
 Calliope shall come to crown thee then,  
 Great Milton, king of poets and of men.

#### XVI. THE GRAVEYARD.

I leave awhile the hilltop, and the long  
 Declivity descending, soon I stand  
 Within the ancient churchyard. Here my song  
 In sadder accents on the silent land  
 Shall dwell, and from the stores of memory bring  
 Such thoughts of loved ones lost as here must spring.

What deep despondency fills all my soul,  
 As I look round me on these numerous graves!  
 Oh Death! thou end of earth, thou dreaded goal  
 Of every worldly prospect, nothing saves  
 Us from thy grasp, thou curse upon our race,  
 For all must sink into thy cold embrace.

With terror and with loathing I must turn  
 From thy corruption—all that thou hast been  
 To fallen mortals, and my heart must burn  
 Against thy source malignant—human sin.

What beauty poets in thy hideous mien  
Have oft professed to find I have not seen.

But for the prospect of the radiant shore  
That lies beyond thy dark and chilling stream,  
And cheers us as we gaze the waters o'er  
With faith's far-seeing eye, no one would dream  
That thou hast been ordained the only way  
To joys unending in the realms of day.

So after all our loathing and our dread,  
We may prepare to meet thee with the trust  
That thou art not eternal—that the dead  
Shall yet be rescued, and from out the dust  
Shall rise through Him of God and man the Son,  
Who met thee in thy realm, and victory won.

Just here I see a little, grassy mound,  
The resting place of some once playful child  
That in the breast of mother earth has found  
A refuge from the tempests dark and wild  
That sweep from heaven like ministers of wrath,  
And overturn our idols in their path.

How calm the loved ones sleep who pass away  
Before the blush of morning leaves their sky;  
They view the field of life at early day,  
But ere the hour of labor comes they die;  
Not theirs the weariness and burning noon,  
Yet theirs the rich reward, the workman's boon.

For little children dead I would not mourn,  
For my theology forbids to think  
That they in dying any loss have borne  
Whose innocence is the endearing link  
That binds us to the angels. Each here lies,  
And waits the wondrous day when all shall rise.

That day perchance is not far distant now  
Which shall the wayward tribes of earth appall,  
Compelling them in trembling fear to bow

To Him whose voice shall unto judgment call,  
And whose loud trump shall bring from sea and land  
The dead before his glorious throne to stand.

The books shall show unto the startled gaze  
Of conscience every deed of good or ill  
Done in the body, in those earthly days  
When man was left to wander forth at will.  
And his own way or God's to freely choose,  
And life eternal seize or else refuse.

On their dread pages secrets of the heart  
In large and flaming type will be revealed;  
The motives that to character impart  
Its hue and texture will, though long concealed,  
Be known to all, and judgment will be passed  
On every human action first and last.

Ah! who will pass the ordeal when the claim  
Of justice and the curses of the law are known?  
When every evil impulse, every deed of shame  
Demands a life before the great, white Throne?  
The soul that sinneth it shall surely die  
Will be the verdict of both earth and sky.

The book of life will then be opened too,  
Disclosing names of those that shelter sought  
Beneath the banner of the conquering Jew,  
Who for the humble great deliverance wrought,  
And o'er the powers of darkness victory won,  
Showing himself God's well beloved Son.

But now I stand beside another grave;  
The crumbling form within it once I knew,—  
My favorite pupil, E. S. P.—I gave  
Her lessons daily, and her young mind grew  
Under my teaching, and her gentle ways  
And purity of heart I loved to praise.

Alas! that she should perish in her youth  
Just blooming into grace and womanhood

I cannot realize the bitter truth  
That she is gone forever, and I would,  
If possible, it were a gloomy thought  
That fancy in some troubled dream had brought.

Oh! sweetly, sweetly sleep, dear E. S. P.,  
No common tributes to thy worth belong,  
The fragrance of thy saintly memory  
Gives value even to my humble song.  
Yes, sleep, but not for aye—thine eyes at last  
Shall greet the dawn with joy that night is past.

Yes, sweetly, sweetly sleep, dear E. S. P.,  
Till breaks the morning of eternal day.  
The Christ thou loved and worshiped sent for thee,  
For his own angels bore thy soul away.  
Yes, sleep, and when the night of death is o'er,  
Thou'l wake immortal on the sinless shore.

They sleep, these buried forms, but do they dream?  
Do visions trouble them where they are laid?  
The phantoms of the brain—the things that seem  
So real, yet are but a flitting shade,—  
Come these to bless or mar their slumbers deep,  
Or lie the dead unconsciously asleep?

Or can it be, as scientists have taught,  
All is mere matter and persistent force,  
The last producing motion, life and thought,  
And urging forward in relentless course,  
Makes to unmake, nor leaves a trace behind  
Of all that formed the structure of the mind?

O problems that so vex the darkened soul!  
I bowed before you once in silent awe;  
But faith has opened wide your mystic scroll,  
Revealing life through God's unchanging law:  
To live and reign forever is for man  
Attainable by His most gracious plan.

## XVII. THE WORLD UNSEEN.

We look upon the mansions of the dead,  
And think how little is the joy of earth,  
How dreary is the pilgrimage we've led—  
A tearful journey from the hour of birth,—  
And thinking thus, we feel what sweet relief  
To lay life's burden down, and end our grief.

The tomb to mortal eyes shuts out all pain  
And sorrow, stops the long and bitter strife  
Of man with man in which our hatreds reign  
Over our good emotions, and of life  
Ends every struggle: O what glad release  
To enter death that promises such peace!

But is it such? and is the unseen world  
To which the spirit flies a quiet spot?  
Are all the banners of contention furled,  
And gains the inner man a happier lot  
When drops the fleshly robe? Ah, who can solve  
These questions which our destinies involve?

How strange that with the Bible in their hands,  
Believers have false notions of the dead,  
Or that the foolish whims of pagan lands  
Should find a lodgment in the Christian's head.  
Yet few on this great theme, and more as well,  
The doctrine taught in Holy Writ can tell.

Some say the good when dead to heaven hie,  
There to remain till judgment calls them thence,  
The wicked likewise to their torment fly  
When they from earthly scenes depart, and hence  
They would consign each soul to bliss or woe  
Before the judgment comes its fate to show.

Again, of purgatory we are told,  
Where tainted souls by searching flames are tried,  
And tickets of release on earth are sold

For those from sin thus fully purified:  
A few who here their penance underwent  
Escape the fire, and straight to heaven are sent.

Others, who've borrowed largely from the Greeks,  
Talk wildly of an unseen world of spheres,  
Where every disembodied spirit seeks  
Its like, and, with a last adieu to fears,  
Starts upward on a grand progressive race,  
Still reaching higher scenes and richer grace.

We hide the body underneath the sod,  
For "dust to dust" is still the stern decree,  
The spirit goes unto its Maker, God,  
To learn of him its final destiny;  
But God is everywhere: in deepest space,  
As in the highest heaven, he has his place.

Deprived of instruments for working ill,  
The spirit can transgress the law no more,  
Nor show the workings of perverted will,  
And pleasure find in evil as of yore;  
Thus dead to sin it may be truly called,  
Yet in its dire results remain enthralled.

Men talk much of the body's bent for sin,  
And to its charge they lay our every ill,  
And hold that when they leave it they shall win  
Eternal joy, and drink their constant fill.  
But stop, vain babblers, you should know  
It is the spirit not the clay that makes our woe.

Whose are the appetites, the lust, the pride,  
The vanity, the hatred, and the wrath,  
The fell ambition that o'er all would ride,  
Crushing the bleeding millions in its path?  
Say, whose are these? They must, 'tis plain.  
To spirit, not to matter, all pertain.

Now when the former leaves its earthly frame,  
Does it divest itself of every taint

And wayward motion? Can we rightly claim  
A sudden transformation and restraint  
From evil, that the soul may take her flight  
And with the angels dwell in pure delight?

Upon the negative and asking proof,  
I take my stand. Such sudden change, I hold,  
Has no analogy in warp or woof  
Of universal nature. 'Tis a bold  
Assumption that would give perpetual lease  
To wickedness, and bid repentance cease.

The growth of character is slow through years  
Of watchful care and rigid discipline,  
And trials oft and many bitter tears  
Are needed to complete the cure of sin,  
And patience too, must have her work expressed  
Before the saint is fit to enter rest.

The facts show plainly that a sudden change  
Of moral nature is unknown to man,  
That all transforming done within the range  
Of this life goes upon the gradual plan.  
Think you that for the soul there intervenes  
A miracle to fit for heavenly scenes?

But of such miracle what proof have we  
In reason or in revelation? None!  
When from the clay the spirit struggles free,  
The impress deep of every action done  
Remains upon it, gives it form, and sets  
It in its place in spite of all regrets.

So when it passes to the vast Unseen,  
Gehe nna called and Paradise as well,  
Or Hades, with the gulf that lies between,  
In comfort it abides, or else in hell.  
Just as it chose on earth its fate will be  
By judgment fixed for all eternity.

Upon the basis, then, of character  
Is placed the destiny of every soul;

This solemn thought from evil should deter,  
And bring our passions under strict control.  
All sin results in wretchedness, and well  
We know how wicked souls can make a hell.

Freed from the body and from every law  
That man binds on his fellows, closely brought  
From different climes and ages, with no awe  
Of virtue, it would baffle all our thought  
To show the misery of such a mass:  
Hyperbole the scene could scarce surpass.

A truce to argument, for nought we know,  
Save what the One Book tells us, of the land  
Of night and silence towards which we go;  
And when the bark of life lies on its strand,  
We there await the dawning, and the hour  
When Christ, descending, re-asserts his power.

In vain we seek to pierce the mystic gloom  
That hides from mortal sight the spirit land,  
Or summon from the cloisters of the tomb  
A single soul of all that countless band  
Of earthly pilgrims who unwilling sped  
To seek the shadowy kingdom of the dead.

#### XVIII. M. J. B.

I turn to yonder tombstone where a cross  
Sculptured upon the snowy marble shows  
The symbol of a hope linked with a loss.  
The form that lies beneath it, like a rose  
Cut down by frost untimely, once did live,  
And proofs abundant of rich thought did give.  
The best endowed of Radnor's daughters, she,  
In mind and heart, and in the skill to tell  
In prose or rhyme the things we wish to be;  
I loved her fondly, for I knew her well,  
And first discerned in her young, ardent soul  
The buds of genius and of self-control.

She was my pupil, and became my friend,

Confiding to me what she hoped and feared,  
Till with our plans romance began to blend,

And made us each to each the more endeared,  
While ere we knew it Love had bound us fast  
With silken ties that often life outlast.

Still, friends we deemed each other, and we thought

The hours were heavenly, as in converse sweet,  
We found the pleasure that, so often sought,

Comes not, and then we wondered why so fleet  
Time was when we would have him lag behind,  
And never to his flight were we resigned.

We wandered oft together, and the way

Seemed strewn with fairest flowers of spring;  
Beneath was beauty, overhead, the day

Shone brightly, and each living, moving thing  
Seemed to partake of that pure happiness  
Which came our hearts in unison to bless.

Her girlish innocence and simple trust,

Conjoined with courage, and a clear, strong mind  
First won my confidence, as ever must

Such precious traits the honest-hearted bind.  
We nearer grew, until there came a day  
When one from other naught could tear away.

I've sung the meadow and the lonely wood,

The scene of early rambles when my heart  
Loved nature more and her deep solitude,

And I have pictured with my feeble art  
The beauties that I there so oft beheld  
Admiringly in palmy days of eld.

In later years I wandered there again,

With her who had become my light and joy,  
In Summer, and in dreamy Autumn, when

Life seemed a cup of bliss without alloy,  
And hand in hand beside the stream and wood,  
We aimless roved, rejoicing in our good.

A penciled paper with a flower enclosed,  
A spray of goldenrod now pale and dry,  
I lately found. The few faint words disclosed  
A world of meaning as they met mine eye.  
They were but "From our Meadow," and recalled  
The golden hours when Love our hearts enthralled.

And she who plucked the flower and wrote the phrase  
No longer lives. The faded blossom soon became  
An emblem of her few and fleeting days,  
For she too, drooped, nor could resist the claim  
Of fell decay upon her, and she died,  
So closely was she to the flowers allied.

Alas! O Rose of Radnor, loved and lost!  
Soon wast thou borne into the Silent Land,  
While I am still upon the billows tossed,  
Beneath dark clouds that hide the sunny strand  
Of that sweet Isle for which our spirits yearned,  
As from the cold, dull Now they weary turned.

I would that thou wert here beside me now,  
This day of sunshine and of perfect peace;  
I fain would gaze upon thy spotless brow,  
And into thy brown eyes in their release  
From sorrow's tears and from the chilling frown  
Of adverse fortune that soon cast thee down.

Oft times when I am sad, I take the store  
Of thy dear letters, which I sacred keep,  
And, opening the packets, read them o'er;  
Then the long buried years awake from sleep,  
And I am young again, and thou art mine,  
And love and hope once more our lives entwine.

How precious are these relics of the past,  
Written in all the glow of youthfulness,  
Full of a zeal we dreamed would ever last,  
And of a faith that would not fail to bless  
Our lives with full fruition void of change,  
As in the golden future we should range.

We thought to make a paradise below,  
And of rough stone a fairy palace build,  
On earth's dry sands Edenic flowers to grow,  
And mold life's ideal with our hands unskilled.  
Thus by our dreams deceived, we took our way  
Towards the portals of the setting day.

Alas! we thought not of the toil and cares  
That lay before us, and the world's contempt  
For all our aspirations, and the snares  
That oft beset our pathway; nor exempt  
Were we from selfishness, sweet love's dire foe,  
That chills its founts and stops its generous flow.

We stood together in the market places where  
All worth is measured by the coin it brings,  
And faith and conscience, soiled by traffic, share  
The price and fate of gross and common things.  
The wares we had to sell were not of gold,  
Nor even gilt, so they remained unsold.

But all is over now, and thou, dear one,  
Art resting from the weariness of earth.  
God grant that when the long, long night is done,  
Thou'l waken joyous to immortal birth,  
And see the golden age and happy Isle  
We longed for when we loved and dreamed the while.

### XIX. TRUTH.

I turn from grief and tears, and climb the hill  
Once more, to feast upon the light and air  
Of this rare day in Autumn, and to fill  
My mind with flowers of memory ever fair,  
And redolent with odors of life's spring,  
When hope and fancy roved with tireless wing.

In childhood's years how many sports were mine,  
Whose harmless pleasure never seemed to pall;  
The jealous rival ready to malign,  
The vengeful bigot with his heart of gall,

The false companion eager to betray,  
Were then unknown—would that they were to-day!

And yet the ways of Providence, not ours, are best,  
Unwilling though we are to walk therein;  
Through trials and reverses we are blest,  
And through defeats life's battle we must win.  
Hard lot! the unbelieving heart replies.  
Yes, hard to him who not on Christ relies.

We ne'er achieve the poems we have planned,  
Nor frame in deeds the pictures of the mind;  
Our best performances imperfect stand,  
And often worthless, as we sadly find;  
Yet not for this should we a moment dare  
To murmur, or of better things despair.

For confident am I that Truth will win,  
In the great outcome of the world's affairs,  
The victory over ignorance and sin,  
And give to him who in reverses dares  
To stand beside her the unfading crown  
Of righteousness and heaven's bright renown.

The best philosophy of life, I think,  
Is that which turns us to the present good,  
Gives us the cup of blessing now to drink,  
Leads us to grasp the known and understood.  
The past is fixed, the future is not ours,  
Our life is now; let this employ our powers.

Upon the rock of Truth unchanging build  
A lasting hope for all your future joys,  
Conform your life to what the Lord has willed,  
Avoid the petty strife and learned noise  
Of wranglers, and the speculations vain  
Of mystics who by dreams would heaven gain.

But what is TRUTH? This question was proposed  
By Pilate to the Man Divine who wore  
Our crown of sorrows, and sweet heaven unclosed  
To mortals. He the query then forbore

To answer: Pilate asked it with a sneer,  
And Truth is worthless to the insincere.

But to his own the Wondrous One declared,  
I am the Truth, and all must come to me  
That would her lessons learn; and none have dared  
To call in question or deny what he  
Has said, or, daring, pointed out a trait  
In Christ our Lord where Truth dwells not in state.

It is a fact that Christ is everywhere,  
In the broad country and the crowded street,  
Wherever is a heart that loves him, there  
He comes to dwell with every blessing meet  
For life and holiness and perfect peace,  
And gives from care and fear a sweet release.

The revelation of his righteous will,  
Made by the promised Paraclete that came  
Forever to abide, is with us still,  
Through all the centuries it is the same  
Unchanging Truth that points the only way  
To Joy's bright home and Heaven's eternal day.

And all our life is waste that is not spent  
In knowing Him, the Christ who all things knew,  
And showing in ourselves the knowledge lent  
To teach our fellows by the works we do.  
Of all ambitions this is surely best—  
To have in word and deed our Christ confessed.

And in this hour of retrospection, glad,  
Right glad am I that Truth has ever been  
My chief delight, that I have never bade  
To her known foes a welcome, nor within  
My inner heart a dwelling place allowed  
For one of Falsehood's coarse and motley crowd.

Yet little have I learned and less have done,  
Nor would I dare to play the Pharisee,  
And boast as if the crown of life were won,

And mine the honor of the victory.  
We nothing have save what the Lord bestows,  
As every child of his with gladness knows.

The heart that now remembers Him in love,  
The soul that joys in this unclouded day,  
The wish that grasps the precious things above,  
The grace and mercy of my God display;  
For all are his own workmanship, not mine,  
Wrought through his Christ, the Source of Truth divine.

## XX. MOUNT PLEASANT.

As here I muse this morn, I seem again  
A pupil of the old Mount Pleasant school,  
I sit before my desk with book and pen,  
I yield once more to Aiken's gentle rule.  
O what familiar faces gather round,  
What well-known voices through the room resound.

The desks are hacked and carved with Barlow knives  
In hands of budding Bewicks deftly plied,  
To win a humble place in Fame's archives  
For bold initials, each its owner's pride,  
While on the benches, walls, and paintless door  
Is many a name remembered now no more.

Again I open Pike to do his "sums,"  
And solve the mysteries of "Rule of Three,"  
Again I read in Frost, and hear the drums  
From battle fields urge on to victory;  
While all around, by work or idleness  
The boys and girls their characters express.

There sits pale Alice conning o'er a page  
Of Comly's Speller with a weary look,  
The definitions every thought engage,  
Her eyes alternate rest on wall and book;  
Beside me is her brother slate in hand,  
The leading spirit of our playful band.

There, too, is Buzby, whom in cruel jest,

I likened to a greedy bird of prey:  
Of righteous indignation full possessed,

He vowed most dire revenge the coming day:  
But on the morrow other thoughts engaged,  
And so the threatened war was never waged.

And there is Emily the beautiful and wild,

Who many a young heart to romance allured:  
Her books unnoticed lie before the child,

For when was study patiently endured  
By her who gloried in the prettiest face,  
And reigned acknowledged belle in any place?

And young Achilles, who with me had sought

For buried treasure which we fancied hid  
By some freebooter who his gold had brought

When he from far had sailed with Captain Kidd.  
We toiled two hours or more, but nothing found,  
Save blistered hands, in turning up the ground.

And Barbara, whom I would stop to praise:

Artless, with kindness beaming in thine eyes,  
And goodness showing forth in all thy ways,

How few there were who knew thy worth to prize;  
Yet these have held thee in remembrance dear  
And blessed thee, child, through many a checkered year

Our teacher, too, whom we "The Master" call

Is now beside me on the platform seat;  
Upon his desk he lets his ferule fall,

To make impressive what his lips repeat;  
And now he turns to me with accents kind,  
The honest trainer of my growing mind.

The time slips by—we read and write and spell,

With interruptions made by naughty boys,  
Whose punishment with rod, inflicted well,

Fills all the room with penitential noise,  
For in those days of strength no birchless grace  
Of Solomon's advice usurped the place.

Yes, there they are! and I'm a boy once more,  
With all that boyish hopefulness can bring.  
Recess comes on, we struggle through the door,  
We run, we shout till hill and valley ring;  
Then, choosing plays, in separate groups we go,  
With bounding steps, and bosoms all aglow.

The vision fades—these young and agile forms,  
Alas! have vanished far beyond recall;  
Some, safe from later life's relentless storms,  
Sleep in the quiet grave, which waits us all;  
And some still live, yet changed in all but name,  
They and their former selves are not the same.

Where Alice is I know not; but I learned  
In after years her brother early wed  
A stranger, and his daring footsteps turned  
With her to the Great West where sunset red,  
Dyes the Pacific wave that breaks upon  
The verdant shores of wood-crowned Oregon.

And Emily? To her with woman's years  
Came woman's cares and all the weary moil  
Of household duties, not unmixed with tears,  
Within a home upon a sterile soil.  
Her beauty, which a palace would have graced,  
By anxious labor early was effaced.

They had their dreams no doubt, and painted bright  
The scenes before them, restless for the time  
When they should leave behind and out of sight  
All discontentment, and should joyous climb  
The flowery slopes that to their childish eyes  
Seemed ever near in loveliness to rise.

#### XXI. CONCLUSION.

Ah, change has troubled thee, my natal ground,  
And marred thy rustic beauty to my view,  
Large mansions of the Queen Anne type are found  
Where elderberry and sweetbrier grew.

And city fashions banish rural ways  
And simple customs of our early days.

The school-house, though, like this old church survives,  
For time allows to men's achievements many a year  
Beyond the measure of their own frail lives,  
And gives to walls renown when disappear  
The names the builders vainly hoped would stand  
Upon the scroll of Fame in many a land.

The sun is higher as the hours have sped,  
And I reluctant turn my steps away  
From old St. David's, Radnor and the dead,  
And end my musings and my homely lay;  
Yet a few words of parting are but meet,  
Ere busy scenes of life again I greet.

O woods and fields, where I in childhood played,  
I bid you now perhaps a last farewell;  
Ye well known spots, where oft my footsteps strayed  
Upon the hill or in the shady dell,  
Linked with bright days and to my heart endeared,  
I'll see you still as you of old appeared.

And in that wondrous realm which hidden lies  
Beyond life's sunset in the unknown west  
Are fairer landscapes under lovelier skies,  
Where cloud and tempest never more molest,  
And where at last Hope's wildest, sweetest dreams,  
Will come to pass by Eden's flowery streams.

## LILLY.

Thou Lilly of my early years,  
Sweet maiden loved when I was young,  
I see thee now through mem'ry's tears,  
And speak thy name with falt'ring tongue.

I know how greatly thou art changed,  
How strangely time has dealt with thee,  
Since thou and I together ranged  
The fields of youth and poesy.

I know our sweet romance has fled  
To seek the shades of Nevermore,  
I know the flowers of love are dead,  
And all our cherished dreams are o'er.

I know that thou hast ceased to be  
My Lilly gay and young and fair,  
With voice of richest melody,  
And eye of light beyond compare.

No, thou to me art nothing now  
More than the scores I daily meet,  
Whom with a word or smile or bow,  
In kindly courtesy I greet.

Yet I for this no longer care,  
For in the bygone lives my joy,  
And my accustomed heart can bear  
Each pang that does not quite destroy.

My joy is in the golden hours  
That brought our paths of life so near,  
My grief has wasted all its powers,  
And left me nothing more to fear.

O never was a love more pure,  
Than that which linked our souls in one;  
Alas! that it could not endure  
Until the course of life was run.

From stain of passion was it free,  
 Or gold, or fame, or pride of birth;  
 It lived in its own ecstasy,  
 A thing of beauty not of earth.

I still behold thee as of old,  
 Unrivalled in thy virgin grace,  
 In reverie thy hand I hold,  
 And gaze into thy love-lit face.

It is the Lilly of the past  
 That comes to cheer each lonely hour,  
 And seems again her spell to cast  
 Around me with its ancient power.

And as the Lilly of the past,  
 I evermore would think of thee,  
 Bright reminiscence that shall last  
 Till life itself shall cease to be!

### TREDYFFRIN.

Tredyffrin, O Tredyffrin,  
 How oft I think of thee!  
 Thy hills and glens romantic  
 I long again to see.  
 The sunny years of boyhood  
 That like a dream have flown,  
 Were passed beside thy valley  
 So dear to Memory grown.

The thoughts that brightly cluster  
 Around my early days  
 Demand for thee, Tredyffrin,  
 The tribute of my praise.

There is no place so lovely  
As that where we were reared,  
And all revere the humblest  
Their childhood has endeared.

Its scenes however lowly  
Our heart-strings twine around  
And, by remembrance hallowed,  
Each spot is sacred ground;  
Portrayed in Fancy's colors  
They're with us everywhere  
And nothing else of beauty  
Seems to us half so fair.

But thee I need not flatter  
With Fancy's gaudy dyes,  
For thousands know what beauties  
Are found beneath thy skies,—  
The beauties of thy summers,  
The glories of thy springs,  
The visions of enchantment  
Which dreamy autumn brings.

No days were e'er so happy  
As those when I, a boy,  
Upon thy hill-tops lingered  
Thy landscapes to enjoy,  
With book and busy pencil  
I whiled the hours away,  
Until the dewy twilight  
Had closed the haleyon day.

Thy groves of oak and chestnut  
Were ever my delight  
In spring, or gloomy winter,  
Or in the summer bright;  
Thy shady dells and streamlets,  
Thy rocky slopes so wild,  
To me became familiar  
When I was but a child.

Upon thy hills I cherished  
 Sweet dreams which still remain  
 Like stars amid the darkness  
 When gloomy thoughts enchain;  
 Sweet dreams which Time's reverses  
 Seek vainly to destroy  
 But which reviving ever  
 Bring back my hope and joy.

And I drank in thy spirit,  
 Thy spirit wild and free,  
 Until my own with longing  
 Grew restless as the sea;  
 Then, leaving thee, I wandered,  
 Yet everywhere I roam  
 My heart in fondness lingers  
 Within my early home.

Tredyffrin, O Tredyffrin,  
 When life shall reach its close  
 I'd rest within thy bosom  
 In undisturbed repose—  
 Rest in thy ancient valley  
 Wherein my kindred lie,  
 Till Joy's eternal morning  
 Illumes our darkened sky!

## QUERIES.

Say, shall I leave unsung  
 What dreary years have flown,  
 How sad my life has grown,  
 Since thou and I were young?

Our paths, just then begun,—  
 How very near they came!  
 Say, was our wish the same,  
 That ever thus they'd run?

I never knew thy heart,  
Yet sometimes dared to think  
That love our lives would link  
So fast we'd never part.

For often in thine eye,  
That hazel eye so bright,  
A softer, sweeter light  
Appeared when I was by.

It was a foolish thought,  
Yet gave a greater joy  
To me, a timid boy,  
Than later years have brought.

Did memory hold me dear  
When no more side by side,  
But separating wide  
We sought the world so drear?

And on thy lonely way,  
Like mine, was thy young breast  
Filled with a strange unrest  
Through many a weary day?

Alas! thou'l ne'er reply  
'Till in the angels' land  
I take thee by the hand  
Where love shall never die.

## TOO LATE.

I've met thee day by day,  
And known thy gentle ways,  
And seen thy blushes play  
At times beneath my gaze.

My heart I cannot trust  
To linger with thee more,

But leave thee now I must,—  
Why did I not before?

Too late, alas, we've met  
To wear love's gilded chain,  
And only vain regret  
Can in our bosoms reign.

Had we each other known  
In the dim long ago,  
We might perchance have grown  
Too fond of earth below.

This world was never made  
The home of happiness,  
Its day-dreams quickly fade,  
And sorrows all oppress.

We seize the cup of joy—  
How soon 'tis snatched away!  
Our gold is but alloy,  
Our life is but decay.

Together oft we strayed  
Through summer's leafy vales,  
But now her blossoms fade  
In autumn's chilling gales.

Together oft we heard  
The robin pour his lay,  
But now each tuneful bird  
In silence flies away.

No fitter time we'll find  
Our final leave to take;  
Delays but stronger bind  
The ties that we must break.

'Twill be a moment's pain—  
Why should it longer last?  
And firmly we'll refrain  
From dwelling on the past.

Then, dear one, fare thee well,  
I should have gone before,  
These tears my sorrow tell,  
But we must meet no more.

## DEATH.

Now from the autumn sky,  
Now from the fading year,  
Looks forth the mystery  
Our souls so greatly fear.

It whispers in the breeze,  
It murmurs in the rill,  
It rustles in the leaves,  
And echoes from the hill.

Oh, Death! thou wondrous power,  
Transforming all below,  
Why should we dread the hour  
That will thy secrets show.

Thou art the angel sent  
To save, and not destroy,  
To free the captives pent,  
And lift the gates of joy.

Through thee our Christ has passed  
To mount his priestly throne,  
To reign until at last  
He comes to call his own.

Then from thine icy reign,  
Out of thy loathsome tomb,  
His loved ones shall regain  
Primeval Eden's bloom.

## GOOD NIGHT.

She came to me so softly,  
Her blue eyes beaming bright,  
She took my hand so gently,  
And sweetly said, "Good night."

She seemed as I beheld her,  
And clasped her little hand,  
A vision of the beauty  
Found in the angels' land.

As softly then she left me,  
And soon was lost to sight,  
But in my memory lingered  
That gently-breathed "Good night."

When next I saw my darling,  
Her cheek had lost its bloom,  
And she was slowly sinking  
Down to the silent tomb.

Her eyes were sunk and mournful,  
They beamed no longer bright,  
Yet sweetly then as ever  
She bade her last "Good night."

Ah! many a bitter tear-drop  
I shed at parting then:  
I knew that I would never  
Behold her face again.

MY HEAVENLY Father gives me bread  
Through toil which he has daily blessed.  
Why should I covet gold instead,  
Or with ambition break my rest?

## JUNE.

O June, rare June,  
Thou fairest daughter of the year,  
Thou comest with the summer moon,  
And bringest beauty for the eye and ear.

Long, long ago  
I thought of thee with tenderness  
Greater than lovers fond bestow,  
Or maidens to their chosen ones confess.

And in thy smile  
My youthful heart was ever gay,  
And days sped swift as moments, while  
Thy reign of one sweet month seemed but a day.

And why not now?  
Thy deep blue eyes are just as bright  
As lovely thine unwrinkled brow  
As when they charmed my childhood's eager sight.

Thou hast not changed,  
But I, alas! am not the same:  
Life's cares have so my heart estranged  
That thou, O June, seemst but an empty name.

And yet I know  
Thou shouldst be still a welcome guest:  
Thou art a visitant below  
From that unclouded realm where dwell the blest.

And when I come  
To that fair land, O let me share  
The pleasures of thy blissful home,  
And on my brow thy fadeless roses wear!

## ENLIGHTENED.

I ask not wealth, I ask not fame:  
An envied heap of yellow earth,  
The tiresome echo of a name,—  
Such things to me are nothing worth.

To live a life of poverty,  
To perish, to the world unknown,  
Were one time dreary thoughts to me,  
Not now, for I have wiser grown.

The spirit of the Nazarene  
Has filled me with its wondrous light,  
And things long hidden I have seen:  
I walk no longer in the night.

This perishable life must fly,  
The life beyond it will endure,  
As clouds evanish from the sky,  
And leave the heavens serene and pure.

## A PRAYER.

O Blessed One, whose voice divine  
Comes through the ages to mine ear,  
Assuring me that I am Thine,  
And freeing me from every fear,—  
Transformed by truth and love I'd be  
And made in mind and life like Thee.

Within my heart O condescend  
To enter, Lord, and there abide,  
That all my thoughts with thine may blend,  
And seek no fellowship beside;  
For Thou art endless joy to those  
Whose faith and hope in Thee repose.

## DAYDREAMS.

I would not dream this precious life away,  
    Delightful as my idle musings are,  
But rouse me to the labor of the day,  
    And follow duty as my guiding star.

These reveries in which our fancy soars,  
    And builds her palaces upon the clouds,  
Make us disdainful of these lower shores  
    Where humble toilers move in weary crowds.

I would not lose my sympathy for man,  
    Nor love him less for all the faults he shows,  
But cherish all the tenderness I can  
    For them in whom life's common current flows.

I would not dream, but work till day has fled,  
    And He who hires and watches calls me home;  
Then in the mansions of the blessed dead,  
    Far sweeter rest and brighter dreams will come.

## MARY.

When Cynthia o'er the folded flowers,  
    Has spread her vail of silver light,  
And sleep enchains the silent hours  
    That cluster round the noon of night,  
My fancy seeks the mystic streams  
That murmur through the land of dreams.

'Tis there I meet the loved and lost,  
    Whose forms are seen on earth no more,  
But who the sombre waves have crossed,  
    And gained the farther, better shore;

Where pleasure is a constant guest,  
And weary pilgrims are at rest.

And thee, dear Mary, there I meet,  
Whom by Owasco's stream I knew,  
With sunny face and smile so sweet,  
And eyes that beamed with friendship true,  
Now brighter grown, escaped the shades  
Where sorrow reigns, and beauty fades.

Thy gentle form is now arrayed  
In robes like those the angels wear,  
Far richer than the garments made  
For that June day with loving care,  
When orange blossoms graced thy brow,  
Meet emblems of thy marriage vow.

Sometimes a look of sadness comes,  
And dims the glory round thy head;  
Thou thinkest of the darkened homes,  
Where bitter tears for thee are shed,—  
Where husband, mother, sisters, weep,  
And memory's sacred vigil keep.

Oh! Mary, though our hearts must bleed,  
To know that thou art here no more,  
We would not wish thee back, indeed,  
From that unfading, sinless shore:  
No, let us sad but patient wait,  
Till we, too, pass through heaven's gate.

### AT EVEN.

At even when the twilight steals  
Adown the western sky,  
And night with trailing robe conceals  
The landscape from the eye,

I set me down within my room,  
A lonely, saddened man,  
I set me down within the gloom,  
To muse and idly plan.

Then comes to me from out the past  
A voice that's sweet and low,  
Whose gentle tones still o'er me cast  
The spell of long ago:  
It is the voice of one now dead  
Whose presence was my joy  
When girlhood's ringlets graced her head,  
And I was but a boy.

It tells me of the golden years  
That rolled so swiftly by,  
When our young eyes were free from tears,  
And our young hearts beat high,  
When over all our coming days  
Hope set a radiant bow,  
And every scene that met our gaze  
Appeared in beauty's glow.

O voice! whose echoes faintly sound  
From out the realm of shade,  
I weep to think of that green mound  
Which over her was made,  
Whose dear lips formed thee all thou art,  
O voice so sweet and low,  
And filled with melody my heart  
In evenings long ago.

The wintry winds now wildly sweep  
Around her lonely tomb,  
And I who live to think and weep,  
Could wish to share its gloom!  
O voice, sweet voice, thou bid'st me come  
Where teardrops fall no more,  
Where weary pilgrims find a home  
On God's eternal shore.

## THE GLASS OF FAITH.

Why waitest thou, O Soul,  
Beside this sea unknown?  
I watch the billows roll,  
And hear the breakers moan.

Dost thou no objects see,  
No distant land descry?  
Nothing appears to me  
Except the waste and sky.

No voices reach thine ear,  
No whispers from the deep?  
Nothing at all I hear:  
The loved are all asleep.

Asleep? Then in the morn  
Thou'l greet them when they wake.  
Alas! men say in scorn,  
"The morn will never break."

Hast thou forgot thy glass,  
As thou dost here despond?  
Ah, now the shadows pass!  
I see the shore beyond;  
I see the dead arise,  
My cherished dead, and thine:  
They meet Him in the skies,  
The Christ of Palestine.

## WHEN I AM GONE.

The flowers in spring will bloom anew,  
And birds will trill their song,  
And groves put on their vernal hue,  
And brooks will dance along;  
The sun his burning rays will send  
From out the summer sky,  
And weary ones in toil will bend,  
When I in death shall lie.

Yes, seasons still will come and go,  
When I am passed away,  
And bosoms still with joy will glow,  
Or shrink from sorrow's sway:  
The restless world will hurry on  
As eager as before,  
Nor stop to think of him that's gone,  
Nor miss the life that's o'er.

What am I to the countless race?  
A bubble on the main!  
Another soon will take my place,  
And what the loss or gain?—  
I would not think in foolish pride  
The world depends on me,  
For I must sink beneath the tide  
That swells oblivion's sea.

## ACROSS THE STREAM.

The boatman crosses the waveless stream,  
I hear the dip of his muffled oar,  
And through the twilight there faintly gleam  
The spectral lights on the farther shore.

I watch the rower whose strength and skill  
Inspire the oars in their rapid play,  
I see the waters so deep and chill,  
Part right and left as the boat makes way.

This time he crosses, I know for me,  
As he has done for the myriads gone;  
The darkness deepens, and soon I'll be  
Within the gloom that precedes the dawn.

The boat I enter, my lips are dumb,—  
Oh, heart, lone heart, in thy silence pray!—  
Over at last!—and the morn has come  
That ushers in the unfading day.

A city builded of crystal gold,  
Makes glad my sight in the morning beam,  
An endless life with its joys untold,  
Is now my portion across the stream.

### THE ARBUTUS.

O beauteous child of the forest,  
Thou lovest the wild, rocky hills,  
Avoiding the low, grassy meadows,  
And babble of fountains and rills;  
Yet vainly for hours have I wandered,  
On slopes where I formerly found  
Thy clusters of snow-white and crimson  
Abundantly scattered around.

Oft ere the last snow of the winter  
Had melted within the ravine,  
Or squirrel had peeped from his covert,  
Thy petals unfolding I've seen;  
But now though the sun is resplendent,  
And March is as meek as a lamb,  
Thy buds are still locked in the calyx  
In spite of the sunshine and calm.

I wonder not, though disappointed,  
For often our friends do we see,  
When we in Hope's spring would be joyous  
Retiring and selfish like thee.  
No doubt in the garland of April  
Thy blossoming spray will be twined,  
And then if I seek thee, Arbutus,  
Thy blushes of shame I shall find.

## SEMPER ORA.

When Aurora's glories bright  
Cover all the eastern skies,  
And her robe of golden light  
O'er the wakened landscape lies,  
Cast away each earthly feeling,  
Bid thy thoughts to heaven ascend,  
And, in secret lowly kneeling,  
Let thy prayers and praises blend.

Through the cares and toil of day,  
Still forget not God is nigh,  
Let thy heart in silence pray,  
As thy moments onward fly.

And when evening's quiet hours,  
Stealing past with sombre mien,  
Scatter o'er the sleeping flowers  
Countless drops of dewy sheen,  
Cast away each earthly feeling,  
Bid thy thoughts to heaven ascend,  
And, in secret humbly kneeling,  
Let thy prayers and praises blend.

[The following verses were suggested by the words of G. Anna Shaw, who, a few minutes before her death, exclaimed, "Look, father, see the angels!" — L. F. B.]

Look, dear father, see the angels,  
As around me now they glide!  
They have come, I know, to guide me  
Through the Jordan's rolling tide.  
See you not their golden tresses,  
And their trailing robes of snow?  
Hear you not their rustling pinions  
And their voices sweet and low?

O the angels, blessed angels,  
Lovely as the morning star!  
They have come, I know, to lead me  
To the land that lies afar.

I can see them bending o'er me,  
Feel them touch my pallid brow,  
As the border land I enter,  
And at Jordan's brink I bow.  
Soon they'll lead me to my Savior,  
Soon I'll clasp His loving hand,  
Then from every care and sorrow  
Safe, I'll rest in Canaan's land.

O the angels, blessed angels,  
Lovely as the morning star!  
They have come, I know, to lead me  
To the rest that lies afar.

Fare ye well, dear father, mother!  
When I reach the sinless shore,  
I will watch beside the river,  
Till the angels bring you o'er;

I will be the first to greet you,  
When you touch the blooming strand,  
I will be the first to welcome,  
When you reach the heavenly land.

O the angels, blessed angels,  
Lovely as the morning star!  
They will come, I know, to lead you,  
To the land that lies afar.

### TO J. H. B.

Dear Dingle, friend of younger days,  
Whom always I delight to praise,  
Be kindly patient while I write,  
A letter short in verses trite.

Though oft the music of my lyre  
Be void of all poetic fire,  
Indulgent think a friend sincere  
Has placed each line in order here.

How many years from us have flown,  
How many changes we have known,  
Since first by Susquehanna's stream,  
We met in April's summer dream!

Then Spring had chased the snows away,  
That o'er the land had held their sway,  
And Flora in her playful mood,  
Strewed blossoms over field and wood.

Then merry birds on every tree,  
Moved all the air with minstrelsy,  
Till every heart with music thrilled  
And every soul with joy was filled.

In fair Lock Haven first we met,  
That on the river's bank is set,

Like pensive maiden come to dream  
The hours away beside the stream.

But that bright morn I little thought  
How soon by thee I should be brought  
To know the Wondrous One whose love  
Allures to brighter scenes above.

Yet so it proved and often now  
In solitude I humbly bow,  
And praise the grace that turned our feet,  
And caused our paths of life to meet.

O, may that grace still with us be,  
And deepen still our sympathy,  
Till we shall reach the rest above,  
Where friendship ends in perfect love!

### TO M. P. D.

(For a Bouquet.)

Pretty blossoms, pretty blossoms,  
Fashioned by the dimpled Spring!  
Tints of yellow, snow and purple,  
Bright as rubies glistening.

Like these gentle blooms of Flora,  
Lovely in their purity,  
Source of joy to all around thee,  
May thy words and actions be.

## TO B. C.

I saw thy dear face bathed in tears,  
The time thy sainted mother died,  
When o'er the path of thy young years,  
Came sorrow's overwhelming tide;  
I saw thee, but said nothing then,  
Nor tried to soothe thy rending grief,  
For how, alas, could tongue or pen  
To pain like thine have brought relief?

Yet deeply did I pity thee,  
And often in my heart I prayed,  
That Heaven's more potent sympathy  
Would lift the burden on thee laid,  
And to thee grant the peace of Him  
Who gave his life for all in tears  
That raise their eyes with sorrow dim,  
And consecrate to him their years.

I knew not thou hadst never turned  
In sweet obedience to His word,  
Nor felt the love that oft has burned,  
Since thou the voice of mercy heard;  
I knew not,—but the answer came,  
For thou wast led to His dear cross,  
To take upon thee His high name,  
Without which all is hopeless loss.

O let the memory of the dead  
Incite thee to a holy life,  
And cheerful light around thee shed,  
Amid the world's unceasing strife,  
And lead thee upward in the way  
That all the good and true have gone,  
Till thou shalt greet the brighter day  
That shines the domes of heaven upon!

## TO B. B.

Oft have I read thy dreamy lays,  
And ever have they called to mind  
The summer brooks that gently flow,  
And sweetly murmur as they go  
Their course to wind  
Amid the meadow's blooming maze.

And fancy's pencil draws for me,  
As now I write these homely lines,  
Some sylph that loves o'er meads to rove,  
Or wander through the leafy grove,  
'Mid tangled vines,  
And cull the blossoms, wild and free.

If such thou be, then may there bloom  
For thee an endless moon of flowers,  
So that for us thou mayest prolong  
The pleasing measure of thy song,  
In summer bowers,  
All safe from icy winter's gloom.

## THE RICHMONDS' HOME.

Awake, my Muse, and breathe a fervent strain  
Of distant scenes I may not view again,  
And distant friends who in my absence share  
My kindest thoughts, as once did I their care.

The Richmonds! at that name how quickly flies  
Imagination to their home which lies  
Where Midway's hills frown o'er the smiling vale,  
And rear their crests to thwart the northern gale,  
And where the Brandywine so stately glides  
To mingle with the Delaware's blue tides.

And at that word how pleasure wakes, and pain,  
Within my soul an uncongenial train,  
Pain at the thought that we no more can meet,  
And speed the hours with social converse sweet;  
And pleasure that the past can still impart  
Remembrances delightful to the heart.  
Thus grief will ever mingle with our joy,  
And fond regrets our happiness alloy,  
And thus upon the changeful path of years,  
The clouds enshroud us or the sunshine cheers.

But to me now sweet recollections come,  
And fancy's pencil paints the Richmonds' home.  
The fields of clover and the meadow green,  
Where flowed the murmuring brook in pearly sheen,  
The shady orchard and, beyond, the grove,  
Where lost in dreamy thought I loved to rove,  
When Autumn's dyes had decked the lordly trees,  
Whose giant boughs swayed to the sighing breeze,  
When the blythe squirrel garnered up his store  
Of frost-browned nuts against the Winter hoar,  
And the lone robin chirped a plaintive lay  
O'er the sad ruins of the Summer gay;  
The dark gray mansion with its pointed walls,  
O'er which the poplar's morning shadow falls;  
The porch round which the trellised roses bloom,  
And load the summer gale with sweet perfume;—  
Of these how oft I think! for in that spot  
Of rural beauty it was once my lot  
There to sojourn a few brief months, and know  
The joys which kindness only can bestow.

O ne'er shall I forget those happy hours,  
Which came to me as sunshine to the flowers;  
And as I haste adown life's rapid stream,  
Like blooming islands in the past they seem,  
And ever will their pleasing memories come  
To cheer my heart wherever I shall roam.

## THE EARLY DEAD.

How sweet they sleep who pass away  
In life's fair morn when all is gay!  
Like blighted flowers they gently fade,  
And in their narrow beds are laid  
By weeping Love who lingers round,  
And wets with tears each sacred mound.  
Like pleasant dreams they pass from sight,  
When life is pure, and all is bright;  
And though death seals each sunny eye,  
Though in the cold earth deep they lie,  
The fairest tints of vernal bloom  
In rich profusion deck the tomb;  
Affection strews fresh roses there,  
Which breathe their fragrance on the air,  
And on each grassy knoll are seen  
Meek violets peering through the green.

Yes, sweetly in oblivion blest,  
Nor grief nor pain disturbs their rest,  
While angels o'er their slumbers keep  
A watch to guard their dreamless sleep,  
And Memory through many a year,  
To view the spot she holds most dear,  
Will sadly come from day to day,  
Till she too fades from earth away.

But not for e'er their sleep will last,—  
O no, the dark hours vanish fast,  
And time will come when night shall flee,  
And fadeless light instead shall be;  
And in that long-expected hour,  
When death shall know a Savior's power,  
When hope triumphant o'er the tomb,  
Shall issue from its midnight gloom,  
Then they, the early dead of earth,  
Shall waken to a purer birth:  
Each bud that here unopened dies,  
Shall fadeless bloom beyond the skies.

Oct. 8, 1857.

## LINES ON THE FUNERAL OF W. R.

Little we thought when our dear friend was leaving  
Radnor and home for the land of the foe,  
Little we thought of so early receiving  
Dust for the manly young form we saw go.

When the last roses of summer were glowing,  
Hoping though grieving he went on his way;  
Little, alas! did we dream then of strewing  
Over his tomb the first blossoms of May.

One unto whom his young faith had been plighted,  
Crushing on her the bereavement must fall,  
Quenching the beacon that hope had just lighted  
Over life's pathway, now desolate all!

Who shall describe, too, a fond mother's sorrow,—  
Paint in its blackness affection's despair!  
But the long night ever ends in the morrow;  
Faith its horizon sees cloudless and clear.

Wrapped in the flag which he died in defending,  
Him we now bear to a patriot's grave;  
Heart-rending sobs with soft, martial notes blending,  
Form a fit dirge for the loyal and brave.

Calmer he'll rest in the bed we have made him,  
Close to the spot where in childhood he played,  
Than where the foe's bloody hands would have laid  
him,  
Far, far away in the Palmetto shade.

May, 1862.

## THE SMITHY.

(A Fragment.)

The praises of the Smithy let me sing,  
While all around the busy anvils ring.  
Too long have martial heroes filled the place  
Of highest honor with the human race;  
Be mine to win the poets of our land  
To chant the merits of a noble band,  
Be mine to change the spirit of their lays,  
And crown the Blacksmith with immortal bays.  
A distant friend whom highly I esteem,  
Has given me for verse this simple theme,  
And when I think what gentle Cowper did,  
When of the humble sofa, at the bid  
Of lady fair, he wrote his matchless Task,  
The kindly muse that aided him I ask  
To lend my short and feeble pinions force,  
And buoy me gently upward in my course,  
While I of common things unsung before,  
Attempt a pleasing melody to pour.

Beyond the reign of empires stretching far,  
Beyond the birth of chiefs and horrid war,  
Beyond the rushing waters of the flood  
That cleansed our planet from polluting blood,  
From Tubal-cain the sons of iron date  
Their origin and handicraft so great,  
He was the ancient founder of this school  
Whose precepts now enable man to rule  
Undoubted monarch of the land and sea,  
As God designed him from the first to be.

The early workmanship of course was rude,  
And little profit at the first accrued  
To them who plied the blacksmith's useful trade,  
And wares uncouth of brass and iron made.  
The anvil was a flinty rock or stone,

The use of windy bellows was unknown,  
A heavy lump of iron firmly bound  
Upon a shorten'd staff was used to pound  
The pliant metal which the furnace bright  
Had changed from blackness to a glowing white  
Invention then had but a feeble mind,  
And few and simple were the things designed;  
A hatchet, knife, a pointed arrow-head,  
A flat and clumsy plowshare, it is said  
By them whose views are sound beyond a doubt,  
Were first in Tubal's Smithy hammered out.

### A PROEM.

To thee my muse her humble gift would bring,  
And timidly would place it at thy feet,  
Ashamed that with so poor an offering,  
So fair and dear a presence she should greet.

I know thou wilt not turn thy face away,  
Nor scorn to listen to her homely song,  
For kindness in thy heart holds constant sway,  
And tender sympathies to thee belong.

And thou hast smiled upon her, and approved,  
Beyond her hope, her unskilled melodies,  
And gladdened by thy favor she is moved  
To try once more thy graciousness to please.

There is sweet pleasure in beholding them  
Whose souls we feel are nobler than our own,  
Whose generous lives our selfish ways condemn,  
And fill us with high thoughts before unknown.

Such is the feeling that my muse has borne,  
Making her seek thee still with timid eye  
Since first she saw thee on that sunny morn,  
When Autumn's glories filled both earth and sky.

Perhaps the glowing wonders of the scene  
That ever comes to veil the fading year,  
Forced her to find for all a fitting queen,  
That Autumn's splendor might not vain appear.

But since she met thee, she has only used  
To see thee at a distance, and admire,  
Fearing to have the privilege refused,  
If she to friendship's nearness should aspire.

Her wreath of song she brings with heart sincere;  
It is the best that she can gather now;  
Were it of jewels rare, it would appear  
Too plain to rest upon so fair a brow.

And as the Greeks imagined it no wrong  
To crown Athena ruler of the air,  
So would my muse enthrone thee with her song,  
And robes of regal beauty bid thee wear.

### THE MAY QUEEN.

Who shall be Queen of May?  
The laughing children said,  
And wear on this fair day  
The garland round her head?  
For in their childish glee,  
They'd met upon the green  
With happy hearts and free,  
To choose their May-day Queen.

The sun in splendor glowed  
From out a cloudless sky,  
Near them, a brooklet flowed  
With murmuring music by;  
The bird songs echoing rung  
Each field and woodland through,  
And on the grass and leaves there hung  
Bright drops of pearly dew.

Who shall be queen? said they:  
An answer soon was found;  
Minna shall be the Queen of May,  
Was heard from all around;  
In all the village none  
With Minna can compare;  
The May-crown she has fairly won,  
And worthily will wear.

A gentle, modest maid  
With eyes of sweetest blue,  
Blushed at the words they said,  
Nor deemed the honor due.  
Queen she was chosen there,  
And on her brow they bound  
The spring flowers bright and fair,  
In wood and meadow found.

Another year has past,  
A long and changeful year,  
Each day is gone at last,  
And May again is here.  
A pretty scene we see,  
And all is bright and gay,  
And birds are singing merrily  
To greet the sunny day.

But she who wore the wreath  
Upon her forehead bound?  
Alas! her youthful form in death  
Lies silent, neath the ground.  
All summer long she played  
Unconscious of her doom,  
The Autumn saw her quickly fade,  
And sink into the tomb.

And her companions meet to-day  
Upon the favorite green,  
They meet again but not to play,  
Nor choose their May-day queen.

Oh no! the flowers that they have found,  
They take with tearful eyes,  
And scatter on the little mound  
Where darling Minna lies.

### “NOT DEATH BUT SLEEP.”

O, say not death—’tis only sleep!  
There angels o’er her slumbers keep  
A silent watch, and on her tomb  
The early rose will spread its bloom.

The wintry blasts may fiercely blow  
And wrap her bed with ice and snow,  
But heedless of the raging storm,  
Will still repose that youthful form.

Within the home where once she smiled,  
Her parents mourn their absent child,  
But all the tears that mothers weep,  
Can never wake her from her sleep.

The Voice once heard at Bethany,  
Alone can set the sleeper free,—  
And from beneath the grassy mound,  
Bring her with life eternal crowned.

## LOVE.

The human heart was made for love,  
And though enjoying all beside,  
Its cherished wish, its fond desire  
Remains unsatisfied.

Shame on the wretch who idly sneers  
At this the brightest, best  
Of all with which the Hand Divine  
Our needy race has blest.

But pity them whom truth compels  
To say, I never yet have known  
One gentle, sympathizing heart  
That beat responsive to my own.

For only they who all their lives  
Companionless have roved  
Can feel how drear it is to be  
Unloving and unloved.

And if there be, as some believe,  
Men without souls who live and die  
Just like the brute, 'tis surely those  
Whom less than love can satisfy.

Within the angels' far off land,  
Was born this mystic power,  
Thence to our earth it early came  
The light of Eden's bower.

And even now though sin has marred  
Each pleasing scene beneath the skies,  
The good and true can ever find  
With love an earthly Paradise.

O give me, then, this priceless boon,  
To keep till life is o'er:  
If I have love and love's return,  
What can I wish for more?

## TO M. J. B.

The lines you wrote when in the mood  
Which often springs from solitude,  
And seldom ends in any good,  
And which I call heart-sadness,

Have come; and now in my own way,  
In humble verse I will essay  
To turn your twilight into day  
And touch the chords of gladness.

That still are strung within your heart,  
Though Sorrow may with subtle art,  
Try to persuade that every part  
Of earthly joy has vanished.

Do not believe the syren's tale!  
Looking from out the mourner's veil,  
With wrinkled brow and visage pale,  
Whence every thing is banished,

Save that which savors of dull care,  
Of gloominess, and fell despair,  
She bids you her own aspect wear,  
And utter her repining.

Turn from her to our golden dreams,  
Turn to that autumn sun whose beams,  
Turn to that wintry moon whose gleams,  
Like those bright dreams, were shining,—

Did they behold a single joy  
That was not full of much alloy,  
Which did its value all destroy,  
And keep us ever longing

For that bright day when happy we  
An island bower in some lone sea  
Should find, to which we'd quickly flee,  
And each to each belonging,

We'd taste within our Ellemwold  
The bliss which kindred hearts unfold,  
The bliss which sweet Romance oft told  
Our constancy would bring us,

If we could only be away  
From those that crossed our selfish way,  
And marred the music of the lay  
That darling Love did sing us?

‘The best laid schemes of mice and men  
Oft gang aglee;’ no wonder, then,  
That Love’s blind eyes should fail to ken  
The future’s adverse changes.

Distance it is, remember too,  
That lends enchantment to the view,  
And decks the scenes with fairy hue,  
Wherever Fancy ranges.

The buds of hope may swell and bloom,—  
’Tis oft to deck Fruition’s tomb:  
Such was, it seems, the early doom  
Of many we selected.

The joys of earth can never last;  
Like autumn leaflets in the blast,  
They’re scattered from us far and fast,  
And leave us all neglected.

Fame is a phantom that allures  
With some bright vision which endures

A fleeting hour. She all secures  
Of which she can deprive us,

Then leaves us to lament our lot,  
Leaves us by flatterers forgot,  
Leaves us alone, but leaves us not  
A name that will survive us.

And Love—Alas! what has he done  
To millions who have madly run  
To grasp his shadow, and begun  
To think success is certain.

How fiercely has the fickle god  
Laid on his dupes the chastening rod  
Till many a tear has wet the sod,—  
But Pity drops the curtain!

As here we wander to and fro,  
'Tis always well for us to know  
The founts from which our pleasures flow  
Are sometimes foul or baneful;

And often in our wanderings  
A difference in progress brings  
To those who're joined with silken strings,  
A pressure that is painful.

Those thus united two by two  
Too oft forget what they should do  
A pleasant journey to pursue,  
And fail to step together.

Lest this fault should be ours, my dear,  
Both head and heart we must keep near,  
Or else for hope and joy, I fear  
We may have sorrow rather.

To you the past may seem more bright,  
To me the future's richer light  
Enraptures my inquiring sight  
Whene'er I turn to view it.

It must, however, be confessed  
The *present* is by far the best,  
The very time in which we're blest,  
    If we, dear one, but knew it.

We now are blessed beyond our thought,  
Although the beauteous isle we sought  
Is yet unfound; for all unbought  
    We have what's always better,

A host of friends whose Christian love  
And artless sympathies oft prove  
A foretaste of the joys above  
    When we shall cast the fetter.

We have "the Way, the Truth, the Life."  
Though ours the labor and the strife,  
Ours is the victory too, sweet wife,  
    If we but strive to win it.

A cloud of witnesses around,  
The blood of martyrs from the ground,  
The notes that from high heaven resound  
    Of white-robed choirs within it,

All urge us on to faith's emprise,  
That in the morning we may rise  
To meet our Leader in the skies,  
    And drink of bliss supernal.

Why then lament for garlands past,  
Why weep for blooms that never last,  
But wither at the first chill blast?  
    Sow seed for flowers eternal,—

Flowers that thou'l<sup>t</sup> wear with ecstasy  
In wreaths of immortality,  
When thou shalt join the minstrelsy  
    Around the Throne of Glory.

What wouldst thou more?—The days of old,  
The stolen looks, the dreams that told

A tale of life and Ellemwold,  
As dreams will tell the story?

Alas! they're gone!—but many a throng  
Of choral memories all day long,  
Still sing for us that dear old song,  
“Indeed, I fondly love thee!”

As in the By-gone, may we yet  
Still cling to hope's sure anchor, pet,  
Till all desires are fully met  
Far in the heavens above thee!

### THE HUNTERS.

The leaves are off in Greenwood,  
The snow is on the ground;  
A prettier sight than Greenwood,  
Is nowhere to be found.

We live in Greenwood's merry dell,  
And hunters keen are we,  
In Greenwood too we mean to dwell,  
And hunters we mean to be.

At dawn of day when first the light  
Covers the east with ruddy sheen,  
None ever saw a fairer sight  
Than our hunter band I ween.

Our dogs are like the game they chase,  
As fleet as Autumn's gale;  
Our prancing steeds to win the race  
Were never known to fail.

The livelong day we track the deer  
With horse, and gun, and faithful hound;  
We fearless ride, and loud and clear,  
We wake the mountain echoes round.

And when at eve we homeward hie,  
Fatigued by weight of slaughtered deer,  
Our hunters' cabin greets our eye,  
Our board is spread with hunters' cheer.

When the leaves are off in Greenwood,  
And the snow is on the ground,  
Such merry feasts as Greenwood's  
Can nowhere else be found.

### A WISH.

O give me some green, sunny isle,  
Far, far on the deep-sounding ocean,  
Where Spring ever dwells with her smile,  
And life is all free from commotion.

My spirit is vexed with the strife,  
With the toil and the struggle is weary,  
As in the stern conflict of life,  
She faces a world cold and dreary.

She hates every thought of the proud,  
The selfish, the vain, and the mulish,  
Whose language so boastful and loud,  
Betrays a mind little and foolish.

The multitudes giddy and wild,  
Chase daily the phantom of pleasure,  
And daily with sin are defiled,  
Till crime is increased beyond measure.

The worst are like demons below,  
The best are suspicious and chilling,  
While slanders incessantly grow,  
The innocent seizing and killing.

From all I turn sickened away,—  
From noise, and contention, and riot,

From evils that secretly play,  
I turn with a yearning for quiet.

I long for a sweet, quiet home  
Far, far from the steps of intrusion,  
Where follies and strife never come,  
Nor aught that engenders confusion.

There happy with Nature I'd dwell,  
And gather fresh courage for duty;  
My bosom with rapture would swell,  
As daily I gazed on her beauty.

Then give me some green, sunny isle,  
Far, far on the deep-sounding ocean,  
Where Spring ever dwells with her smile,  
And life is all free from commotion!

### FORTUNE.

Our path shall be strown with the sweetest  
of blossoms,  
Our sky shall be tinged with the brightest  
of blue,  
On us shall be lavished the favors of For-  
tune,  
Who fickle with others, to us shall be  
true!

## TO M. B. B.

I met thee in the land of dreams last night,  
As Fancy led me to Owasco's shore;  
Thy sweet face shone with heaven's unfading light,  
Yet thou wast fond and playful as of yore.

O what surprise that on this lower plain,  
Where life is but a sorrow and a tear,  
And hope the only solace of our pain,  
Thou whom our God has taken should'st appear!

Yet all seemed real, and the silver tone  
Of thy dear voice is with me even now,  
I felt thee place thy hand within my own,  
And pressed the kiss of friendship on thy brow.

And long we talked together of the days  
We spent beside Owasco's sunny stream,  
Where first I learned to love thy childish ways,  
And our acquaintance grew to fond esteem.

And strangely I forgot that thou art dead,  
Or deemed the story but an idle tale,—  
Forgot the bitter tears that sorrow shed  
On thy poor, coffined face so chill and pale.

I may believe it was not all a dream:  
Thy spirit may have come at that lone hour,  
And whispered thoughts that to us mortals seem  
The fleeting work of sleep's mysterious power.

For what are dreams of beauty and of joy,  
But the bright pictures that the angels trace  
Within our hearts of sadness, to destroy  
Our vain repining, and sweet Hope replace?

## THE RAIN.

I lie upon my bed,  
My hand beneath my head,  
And listen to the rain,  
The ever falling rain,  
The patter and the dropping of the rain.

Across the sombre sky  
The leaden vapors lie,  
Chill fountains of the rain,  
The swift-descending rain  
That coldly beats against the window pane.

Now to myself I seem  
To wander in a dream,  
But still I hear the rain,  
The wildly dashing rain,  
The patter and the dropping of the rain.

Sweet pictures of the Past  
Appear before me fast,  
But vanish while the rain,  
The sorrow-laden rain  
Recalls me quickly to myself again.

What sadness fills my heart,  
As my visions all depart,  
And leave me but the rain,  
The idle, mocking rain,  
The patter and the dropping of the rain.

Ah, why was I e'er born,  
To lie here all forlorn,  
And hear the gloomy rain,  
The hope-deriding rain,  
Whose cruel echoes fill my heart with pain.

'Twill beat upon my tomb,  
From skies of wintry gloom:  
Shall I then hear the rain,  
The grieving, sobbing rain,  
The patter and the dropping of the rain?

## AN EPIGRAM.

Give thy thoughts to what is true,  
Useful things be prompt to do,  
Love the beautiful and good,  
In the world be understood  
Ever as the friend of right,  
Loyal to the King of light.  
More than gold and rubies be  
Unto thee, O friend, these three  
Sacred faith, hope, charity.

Gulielmus-William.

## CHRIST TRIUMPHANT.

Be glory, honor, power, to him our King,  
Who sits enthroned above the crystal sphere;  
Let angels now their grandest anthems sing,  
And all the universe his praises hear.

No more he lives in scenes of sin and woe,  
The Lamb of God among the beasts of prey,  
No more he daily feels his sorrows grow,  
As through a hostile world he takes his way.

No more his bitter tears bedew the sod,  
No more he wears the robe and thorny crown,  
No more forsaken by his friends and God,  
With breaking heart he lays life's burden down.

Exalted now above the heavens high,  
He wears the crown of joy upon his brow;  
O'erwhelmed and crushed the powers of darkness lie,  
While at his feet the hosts seraphic bow.

Come forth, astonished heavens and rescued earth,  
Your mighty King Jehovah's Son adore!  
And conquered hell, proclaim thy Victor's worth,  
Whose glorious reign endures forevermore.

## CONTENT.

I cannot change my mode of life,  
To suit the fashions of the hour,  
Or stop to join the noisy strife  
Of man with man for wealth or power.

The simple dress, the frugal meal,  
The humble cottage by the stream,  
Our outward penury reveal,—  
I let them pass for what they seem.

Yet I am rich, I dwell in state,  
The best of all things are my own;  
I envy none, however great,  
My campstool is an empire's throne.

## BRANDYWINE.

O Brandywine, romantic stream,  
Who has not heard thy name!  
Thy banks where lovers rove and dream  
Are linked with deathless fame;  
Thy startled waters once beheld  
War's bloody standard reared,  
When helm and plume in days of old  
Upon thy marge appeared.

Ere yet the frost had decked the corn  
With Autumn's yellow dye,  
The battle trump awoke the morn  
Beneath September's sky;  
And Washington beside thy ford  
The day was forced to yield,  
And Lord Cornwallis waved his sword  
In triumph o'er the field.

Oh! dark the hour for Liberty,  
When bursting through thy flood,  
Rushed England's dauntless chivalry  
Athirst for fame and blood!  
Wayne, fierce as tiger on the spring,  
Closed with them hand to hand,  
The Britons battling for their king,  
Wayne for his native land.

Thy hills then trembled at the sound,  
And crimson flowed thy tide,  
As doubtful conflict o'er the ground  
Swept fierce from side to side.  
But Victory with partial scale  
To British banners fled,

And Liberty was left to wail  
Heart-broken o'er her dead.

Far other scene, O Brandywine,  
Thy stream presents to-day,  
For peace and freedom now are thine  
Beneath the sky of May;  
Now crystal flows thy rippling tide  
Thy flowery banks between,  
And spring's delighted warblers glide  
Among thy willows green.

So when the strife of life is past,  
Though Death the victor be,  
May I, triumphant at the last,  
The reign of beauty see;  
Where more refreshing waters flow,  
May fadeless joys be mine,  
And brighter scenes around me glow  
Than thine, O Brandywine!

## FOR AN ALBUM.

To thee my Muse her humble gift would bring,  
And timidly would lay it at thy feet,  
Ashamed that with so poor an offering  
So fair and dear a presence she should greet.

I know thou wilt not turn thy face away,  
Nor scorn to listen to her humble song,  
For kindness in thy heart holds constant sway,  
And tender sympathies to thee belong.

Yea, thou hast smiled upon her, and approved,  
Beyond her hope, her unskilled melodies,  
And gladdened by thy favor she is moved  
To try once more thy graciousness to please.

If, then, regardless of the rules of art,  
She follows whither vagrant Fancy flies,  
No need has she to act the fawner's part,  
Nor for her simple thoughts apologize.

There is a pleasure in the sight of them  
Whose lives we feel are nobler than our own,  
Whose generous deeds our selfish ways condemn  
And lead to higher aims before unknown.

To such we love submissively to bow,  
Forgetful of the cold and sneering crowd,  
With such in childlike artlessness allow  
Our lips to speak our secret thoughts aloud.

Such is the feeling that my Muse has borne,  
Making her seek thee still with timid eye,  
Since first she saw thee on the sunny morn  
When autumn's glory filled both earth and sky.

Perhaps the glowing wonders of the scene  
That ever comes to veil the fading year,  
Forced her to find for all a fitting queen,  
That autumn's splendor might not vain appear.

But since she met thee she has only used  
To see thee at a distance, and admire,  
Fearing to have the privilege refused,  
If she to friendship's nearness should aspire.

Her wreath of song she brings with heart sincere;  
It is the best that she can gather now;  
Were it of jewels rare it would appear  
Too plain to rest upon so fair a brow.

And as the Greeks imagined it no wrong  
To crown Athena ruler of the air,  
So would my Muse enthrone thee with her song,  
And robes of regal beauty bid thee wear.

## MILLIE.

Dear Millie, the golden-haired,  
I think I see her still,  
As in the days of our childish plays  
At the school-house on the hill.

Mount Pleasant the place was called,  
Of learning's plain abode,  
That lonely stood by the chestnut wood,  
Beside the old Gulf Road.

She was but a country child,  
Unskilled in Fashion's lore,  
Yet a fairer face with a sweeter grace  
No city maiden wore.

With music her soul was filled,  
And gladsome songs she sung,  
Which many a bird with envy heard,  
Tredyffrin's groves among.

Her future she thought would be  
All free from toil and care;  
Her hopes would live, and each year would give  
Of joy an untold share.

And who has not thought the same?  
We are dreamers, one and all,  
And the visions sweet mislead our feet,  
Till in the grave we fall.

And thus with Millie it proved,  
For Fortune turned unkind,  
And gave her alloy for the golden joy  
She fondly hoped to find.

She married a heartless wight—  
A slave to pipe and bowl,—  
And labor and tears filled up the years,  
And the music left her soul.

Her cheeks all their bloom then lost,  
Her hair its golden sheen,  
And a care-worn dame with a homely name,  
The household drudge, was seen.

Thus beauty and love depart,  
And men forget their sway,  
Thus the bright Ideal in the gloomy Real  
All sadly fades away.

The vale our young Fancy roved  
Along its flowery streams,  
In later years a valley of tears  
And desolate ruins seems.

Yet well for us all if hope  
Still lingers in the soul,  
That the tempest-tossed and the travel-lost  
Will reach at last their goal.

And well if the glorious land  
Our youthful dreams foretold,  
With its fadeless flowers shall then be ours  
When we its King behold.

## HOPE.

Oh! long delayed have been the sunny days  
Of the loved springtime, and the sprightly lays  
Of bluebird and of robin; but, at last,  
The snows of winter vanish, and the blast  
Gives place to soothing breezes, nor in vain  
Upon the bleak earth falls the gentle rain.

Once more from out the South the melting air  
Moves soft o'er field and woodland, and the fair  
Young flowers, awakened from their wintry sleep,  
Come forth, and our glad eyes now daily reap  
Harvests of beauty, as we wander slow,  
Where violets and sweet arbutus grow.

In all this wondrous change may we not find  
Some token that the Future will be kind?  
That time no longer envious will bring  
To our sad hearts the brightness of the spring?  
Then let us cherish hope: if we do well,  
Our coming years shall all our past excel.

## CENTENNIAL HYMN.

Amid these ancient mountains,  
Within the forest shade,  
Beside the crystal fountains  
That God himself has made,  
We meet to hear the story  
Of Liberty so grand,  
And praise the Lord of glory  
Whose bounty fills our land.

All nature here rejoices  
Beneath the summer sky;  
Come then, with happy voices  
And raise our anthem high,  
Come, praise the God of blessing  
Whose throne is fixed above,  
Come all His Christ confessing,  
And sing his wondrous love.

Let all these woodlands airy  
Re-echo with our lay,  
While Freedom's Centenary  
We celebrate to-day;  
Let Love and adoration  
To Him the Lord of all,  
Fill us and all our nation,  
While on His name we call.

His words of life we'll cherish,  
Inscribed in every heart,  
Lest we forever perish  
When we from earth depart;  
Our spirits with the beauty  
Of holiness we'll fill,

Intent on every duty,  
Avoiding every ill.

May blessings still attend us  
Through all the years to come,  
And God's right arm defend us  
Until we reach our home,  
Where we shall sing the story  
Of everlasting grace,  
And in the realms of glory  
Behold our Father's face.

### CENTENNIAL POEM.

July 4, 1876.

A hundred years, a hundred years,  
With all their smiles, with all their tears,  
Have vanished since our native land  
In Freedom's cause first raised her hand,  
And struck those blows whose echoes still  
All hearts with joy and wonder thrill.

And now we come with grateful lay,  
To celebrate the golden day  
On which our fathers pledged their all,  
Life, fortune, honor, at the call  
Of Liberty whose morning star  
Shone faintly through the clouds afar.

O muse, that erst on Hellas' shore  
To Homer taught thy sacred lore,  
And who in Freedom's after days  
Crowned Milton with immortal bays,  
Inspire us, and our souls expand  
With mem'ries of our heroes grand!

O noble men were they who stood  
Rock-like against the swelling flood

Of tyranny that swept our strand,  
And threatened to engulf our land;  
Aye, noble men whose every name  
Is worthy of eternal fame!

Our nation in a day was born,  
While they became her hope forlorn,  
And never faltered, never feared,  
Until this land, to us endeared,  
With peace was crowned, and Liberty  
Her scepter waved from sea to sea.

'Twere long to tell what they performed,  
While love of home their bosoms warmed  
To finish all they had begun,  
And leave for us the land they won;  
Through cold and hunger, toil and pain,  
Did they the boon of freedom gain.

No common strife did they begin,  
No common triumph did they win;  
It was a deed of grand emprise  
They dared beneath these western skies,  
When leagued Oppression back they hurled  
All shattered to the olden world.

## TO HYGEIA.

Hygeia, sprightly blooming maid,  
In strength and gracefulness arrayed,  
I fain would know the reason why  
With me of late thou art so shy,  
So painfully reserved and cold,  
And not the candid friend of old.

In years agone thou wast not coy,  
For thou didst guard me when a boy,

With me didst play from morn till night,  
And ever watch me through the night.  
I prized thee highly, and thy smile  
Afforded gladness all the while.  
Encouraged by thy cheering eye,  
On distant journeys I would fly,  
Climb trees the tallest of the wood,  
Or fearless breast the rolling flood.  
No sport or labor then to me  
Seemed hard if countenanced by thee.  
But since thou art no longer nigh,  
In helpless solitude I sigh;  
The buoyancy of youth is fled,  
And I am like one almost dead;  
No longer rugged as of old,  
I needs must guard against the cold;  
Avoiding winds at which I laughed,  
I must e'en shun the slightest draft,  
Watch all the changes of the air,  
And guard against them with all care;  
Don overshoes and overcoat,  
And muffle up my tender throat,  
If I would venture out of doors  
When Boreas our land explores;  
Be careful, too, of all my food,  
Lest I offend my squeamish blood,  
And what with whims and real wants,  
My life of small enjoyment vaunts.

Not so when thou wast ever by,  
Inspiring me with thy bright eye,  
Until I felt so brave and strong,  
That I could labor all day long,  
And confident that I with thee  
Could compass every land and sea.

Hygeia, why art thou so cold?  
Why not regard me as of old?  
I know thou dost on others smile,  
But this does not my temper rile,

For I am not of that poor make  
Offence at other's gain to take;  
So when I plead, not jealousy,  
But pining want I urge with thee.  
Without thee all seems desolate,  
And I, consigned to cruel fate,  
Am pestered night and day with ills,  
In spite of doctors and of pills,  
Or rather, I should truly write,  
My ills were formerly in spite  
Of all belonging to the trade  
Of quackery, of which, afraid,  
I finally discarded all  
That smells of Galen's nauseous stall;  
All drugs and potions I forswore,  
For they but made my trouble more.  
But then my troubles do not leave,  
Although my choice affords reprieve  
From nasty doses made to cure  
Not invalids, but leanness sure  
Of doctor's purse and druggist's till,  
Which credulous we strive to fill.

I drove Hippocrates away,  
Why didst thou not return, I pray,  
Hygeia, once kind-hearted maid,  
And grant me thy unfailing aid?  
I tried, thou knowest, each device  
And tempted thee with all things nice,  
Cool water from the mountain springs,  
And Graham gems, delicious things,  
Ripe fruits of every luscious kind,  
That I thought suited to thy mind;  
These baits I offered and far more,  
Too tedious to be counted o'er,  
But all in vain; thou dost not come.  
To all my urging deaf and dumb,  
Thou wilt not hear, thou wilt not tell  
What I must do that would be well  
Designed to win thy love again,

And make me now as glad as when  
I roved with thee o'er hill and dale,  
And thought thy love would never fail.  
I know I often used thee ill,  
When I was miffed, as lovers will,  
But thou dost know I ne'er designed  
To treat thee in a way unkind,  
I thought to show a little spite,  
And thus to bring the matter right.  
But now, Hygeia, do forgive,  
Return with me again to live;  
I love thee more than books or wealth  
Or babbling fame, Hygeia, Health!

## AT MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Oh! mother, my mother!  
Asleep in the valley at last!  
Earth's joys and its sorrows  
For thee, my poor mother, are past.  
I stand in the fullness  
Of Spring and her glory to-day,  
All desolate, mother,  
Though Nature is sunny and gay.  
I care not, poor mother,  
That roses are blooming around;  
They bring me no pleasure  
Since thou art laid under the ground.  
In sweet early childhood,  
When life's sky was azure and gold,  
I never dreamed, mother,  
Thou here wouldst lie silent and cold.  
I recollect, mother,  
Those days now evanished so long,

When hither thou leddest  
Me feeble, thou sprightly and strong.

But changeful years, mother,  
To me strength and hopefulness lent,  
While thee, my poor mother,  
With age and with sickness they bent.

Alas! at the longest,  
Our earthly existence how brief!  
In life's chilling autumn  
We fade and we fall as a leaf.

All past is the winter,  
Here again are the blossom and bee,  
In garments of beauty  
Spring trips through the forest and lea.

Has Death, too, a springtime,  
When our cherished blossoms revive?  
Does Night bring a Morning  
When loved ones again are alive?

Yes, answers the prayer  
Thou early didst teach me to say:  
"Thy Kingdom come, Father,"  
And hasten, O Christ, the glad day.

My bruised heart, as thine did,  
Believes in the crowned Nazarene,  
Assured He'll let nothing  
Between us and Him intervene.

O joyful the meeting  
Of father, and thee, and the rest  
Of us, thy sad household,—  
Then rescued, immortalized, blest!

Great Valley, Pa., 1874.

## THE GLORY OF THE LORD.

I stand upon the mount where stood of old,  
Transfigured once, the Christ of Galilee;  
And faith recalls the vision: I behold  
The glory of his kingdom, and I see,  
With Peter, James and John the wondrous cloud,  
And with them hear God's voice so clear and loud.

In the beginning first that voice was heard  
Startling the reign of Chaos and old Night;  
And all the depths of gloom and silence stirred  
With the divine command, "Let there be light!"  
And light there is, and in it all rejoice  
Who list attentive to that heavenly voice.

And in it I rejoice, as now I view  
The splendor of his kingdom and his throne,  
By valor won, by conduct pure and true.  
Christ sought God's will, and making that alone  
The measure of all duty, he became  
Our Captain, crowned with everlasting fame.

Obedience was the path which upward led  
Our Christ to conquest matchless and complete,  
In which he bruised the lying Serpent's head,  
And crushed the powers of darkness under feet,  
A victory like his can now be won,  
If we but heed the voice, Hear ye my Son.

I stand upon the mount—around me shines  
The brightness of an everlasting morn,  
The stars sing sweet, my soul no more repines,  
But into life anew and hope is born,  
And in its peerless beauty now I see  
The place in Paradise reserved for me.

In Christ I trust, I look for his return,  
I patient wait the advent of the day [burn,  
When through the heavens his chariot wheels shall  
And every nation yield unto his sway,  
And when in rich profusion shall be poured  
Millennial blessings on the earth restored.

## SPRING.

O lovely Spring, I've waited long,  
With anxious heart, to meet thee,  
And now accept the humble song  
With which I come to greet thee.

Not mine to summon to mine aid  
From Tempe's vale the muses,  
For to my verse each heavenly maid  
Her kindly aid refuses.

Yet shall I from my song refrain,  
Though trite the thought and measure?  
I know that naught will give thee pain  
That gives to me but pleasure.

O Spring, how often in the days  
Of winter stern and dreary,  
I thought of thee, and longed to gaze  
On scenes that never weary.

Such are the scenes where oft my feet  
Amid thy blossoms wander,  
And where my soul in musings sweet  
Upon thy beauties ponder.

O Spring, when I was but a boy,  
I gave my heart in keeping

To thee whose pleasures never cloy,  
Nor end in bitter weeping.

I've loved thee more than miser loves  
His heaps of golden treasure;  
And Time, the Changer, only proves  
My love increased in measure.

And though my heart has often bled,  
And Hope forgot the morrow,  
Thy hand has ever raised my head,  
And given joy for sorrow.

Then ever with thee let me rove,  
O Spring, my cheery maiden,  
While all the air in field and grove  
With sweet perfume is laden!

### LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

No careless thought nor language cold  
Should on the page appear,  
When we address the friends we hold  
Beyond all others dear;  
Some pleasing subject we should take  
And words of winning tone,  
That as they read them we may make  
Their feelings like our own.

But where, alas, such pleasing theme,  
Or where such words to find,  
I cannot tell, so feeble seem  
The efforts of my mind.  
Then what remains but here to say,  
I leave you to surmise  
What matchless verse I would display  
Before your wondering eyes!

## TO THE WOODTHRUSH.

Pretty warbler of the spring,  
Welcome to thy native home,  
Here shall rest thy weary wing,  
Nothing tempted now to roam.

While on winter's icy bands  
Glanced the sun's retiring beams,  
Thou in distant summer lands  
Warbledst by the flowery streams.

Oft the dark-eyed Indian maids,  
Lured by thy enchanting lay,  
Sought the sombre forest shades,  
As the sunlight died away.

Their enraptured spirits heard,  
Floating on the zephyrs bland,  
Echoes in thy music, bird,  
From the wondrous sunset land.

And the swarthy chieftain, too,  
Listened often to thy song,  
As he steered his frail canoe  
Orellana's marge along.

Visions of the warrior's home  
In the isles beyond the sea,  
Where the brave forever roam,  
Filled his soul with ecstasy.

Now sweet May with gentle showers,  
And the balmy southern breeze,  
Spreads our northern land with flowers,  
Robes in green our leafless trees.

But the brightest vernal dawn  
Would but gild a solitude,  
Were thy flute-like music gone,  
Peerless songster of the wood.

At the opening of the day,  
Just as Sol begins his reign,  
Often in the woodlands gray,  
Have I listened to thy strain.

And at evening's quiet hour,  
When the sun had vanished long,  
And the night begun to lower,  
Have I heard thy plaintive song.

Like the power of magic art,  
Or some fairy's potent spell,  
Stole thy music o'er my heart,  
Waking thoughts I could not tell.

Warmest welcomes to thee, bird,  
Loved companion of the spring,  
May thy music long be heard  
Making all our woodlands ring!

## A MORNING CONCERT.

The darkness is flying, the daylight appears,  
And the song of a robin falls sweet on my ears.

His red-breasted fellows soon join in the strain,  
And far-ringing echoes take up the refrain.

A score of musicians are now in my sight,  
Swinging high on the tree-tops in morning's faint light.

No flutist can equal the rich, varied notes  
That gush, like a fountain, so clear from their throats.

They sing as if sorrows to them were unknown,  
And purest of pleasures were ever their own.

O, thus do they worship their Maker on high,  
With incense of music that floats to the sky!

If so, let the angels repeat the wild strains,  
Till the chorus resounds o'er the heavenly plains!

Could I, like the robins, glide swift through the air,  
I'd join in their carol, and banish all care.

From earth then departing, I'd seek the bright land,  
Where Eternity's ocean is washing the strand.

I'd join the great Concert where Shining Ones raise,  
With voices celestial, the anthem of praise.

### EXPECTATION.

Our souls are often yearning for the bright  
And beautiful that shall not pass away,  
And look impatient for the fadeless light  
Whose dawn shall turn our darkness into day.

And we have painted what our lives might be,  
With brilliant tints from Fancy's choicest store,  
But all our pictures day by day we see  
Fade into gloom, to cheer us nevermore.

Then, turning from the earth our tearful eyes,  
We dream of pleasure in some world unseen,  
Of rapture in some land beyond the skies,  
Whose bowers of beauty are forever green.

Oh! can it be that all our dreams are vain?  
That madly we the tales of hope believe?  
That on the shores of time lies all our gain?  
And Faith's enchanting visions but deceive?

O no! the stormy main will yet be passed,  
The land of joy and beauty we shall see,  
Each sweet ideal will arise at last  
Clad in the robes of immortality.

## SUNSHINE.

O Sunshine of the joyous morn,  
Out of the cloudless ether born,  
Pouring thy gold upon my study floor,  
I bless thee o'er and o'er.

Last eve the sky was dark with cloud  
And tempest, lowering fierce and loud,  
Upon the drenched and hope-forgetting earth,  
Now full of light and mirth.

Deep from the chalice of delight,  
Thrice happy to escape the night,  
All creatures drink, and lift the voice of praise,  
Inspired by thy sweet rays.

Shall I to whom more hopes belong  
Seek less to raise my feeble song  
Than these which only sensuous blessings share,  
Thy light with food and air?

Swifter than thy bewildering flight,  
My faith flies up thy path so bright,  
Enraptured, Sunshine, to His brighter throne,  
Thy Maker's and my own.

## A REPROOF.

I praise thee not, O giddy, fickle Maiden!  
Thy heart and conscience all perverse have grown,  
And thou art so with worldly burdens laden,  
That I thy friendship can no longer own.

Are there for girlhood's days no field of duty?  
No thoughts beyond deceitful pleasure's sway?  
No light but that of vain, external beauty,  
Which like the dew of morning flies away?

With dress and caller, promenade and party,  
Thou wasteth all thy youth's sweet, precious years  
For fools' applause, and rivals' hatred hearty,  
Thy own disgust, and Pity's useless tears.

Awaken out of Folly's low delusion,  
Come forth into the light of Wisdom's morn,  
Leave Vanity, and Fashion's coarse profusion,  
False Pride's ignoble aims and fate forlorn.

So shall thy life rise into joys transcendent,  
And golden fruitage all thy cares repay,  
And thou shalt reign in spotless robes resplendent,  
The queen of pleasures that shall ne'er decay.

## MEMORY'S BELLS.

Still floating on, and floating on,  
Adown the stream of time,  
How often as the day is gone,  
We hear at eve the chime  
Of Memory's mystic bells.

Still floating on, and floating on,  
E'en from the earliest hour,  
When life and hope are in the dawn,  
The soul can feel the power  
Of Memory's fairy bells.

Still floating on, and floating on,  
'Neath childhood's rosy sky,  
Their mystic tones will steal upon  
The heart, and wake a sigh,—  
The tones of Memory's bells.

Still floating on, and floating on,  
Within each later year,  
For each bright scene forever gone,  
We oft in sadness hear  
The chime of Memory's bells.

Still floating on, and floating on,  
And nearing still the sea,  
They toll for all of earth that's gone,  
Till we from earth are free,  
Sweet Memory's mystic bells.

## AUTUMN.

How sad to rove  
Within the grove  
When autumn clouds the sky,  
And all around  
Upon the ground  
The withered blossoms lie.

Loosed by the breeze,  
From off the trees  
The leaves are falling slow,  
And far and wide  
The forest's pride  
Lies on the cold earth low.

The bird of song  
Has vanished long,  
And sought a milder home  
In southern vales,  
Where chilling gales  
And frosts can never come.

Stern ruin reigns  
O'er all the plains  
Where summer held her sway,  
And in my mind  
But gloom I find  
Throughout the dreary day.

Yet in these woods  
And solitudes  
Who would not rather be  
Than in the loud  
And giddy crowd  
That surges like the sea!

## LIFE.

I stand upon the shore: the sea of life  
Before me lies in turbulence and mystery;  
And sadly I behold the constant strife  
Between man's wishes and his destiny.

From nothingness we enter into time  
Controlled by laws we made not, but obey  
As slaves their masters. Filled with thoughts sublime  
We crawl in dust, and perish in a day.

Why are we? and for what strange purpose come  
To earth, whose powers oppress us and destroy?  
We die, but do we live again? What home  
Awaits us?—one of grief or endless joy?

O Mystery! thou scornest all our thought  
To solve thee; helpless at thy feet we fall:  
Something from nothing, wondrous life from nought,  
This may we know, but this, alas! is all.

Where Reason stumbles helpless and undone,  
Faith soars beyond the darkness into light;  
She hears, she sees, till what she seeks is won,  
And with the sun of Truth dispels our night.

We are because God made us, and we live  
To taste his goodness, and return him praise;  
We hope what his enduring love will give  
To them who trust in him in all their ways.

O Nazarene, whose brief existence here  
The mystery of mysteries reveals,  
We cling to thee, and never more have fear:  
Thy word our happiness forever seals.

## DECEIVED.

I thought her innocent and strong,  
A being of angelic mold,  
Whose life in beauty would unfold,  
Nor dreamed that she could do me wrong.

Those purifying aims that raise  
The soul above ignoble things,  
And lend it Hope's aspiring wings,  
I missed indeed in all her ways.

But I was blinded, and I thought  
That I could teach her what I knew,  
And time would show the good and true  
That in her life I fondly sought.

And all I asked for she professed,  
And spoke of love and sympathy,  
And vowed them solemnly for me,  
But knew them not, much less possessed.

I gave her all I had—my trust,  
My confidence amid the strife,  
The bitter struggles of my life,—  
But found her made of vulgar dust.

Seduced by selfishness she fled,  
But backward like the Parthian hurled  
At me, before the jeering world,  
Her darts envenomed, as she sped.

## MEETING AND PARTING.

We met in the russet autumn,  
By the banks of Vernon river,  
While on the trees the wayward breeze  
Made every sear leaf quiver.

We met in the dreamy autumn,  
When the heart is filled with sadness,  
And a strange unrest in every breast  
Dispels all thought of gladness.

We met in the tearful autumn,  
When the lonely year was sighing  
For pleasures fled and children dead  
And for herself now dying.

We met in the boding autumn,  
But met, alas, to sever,  
And like a knell our last farewell  
Sounds in our hearts forever!

## IN VAIN.

It may be she is good and true  
When in her sober, second thought,  
But what can late repentance do  
To mend the mischief she has wrought?

She broke the precious vase of love,  
And cast its ottar all away;  
My prayers her anger failed to move,  
My tears her ruthless hand to stay.

Now she has lost her wonted power  
To change the purpose of my heart;  
I leave her only sorrow's dower,  
As free and gladsome I depart.

## THE BAPTISM.

It was the first day of the week,  
A day when thoughtful Christians seek  
To meditate upon the ways  
Of Deity, and render praise.  
I wandered forth. 'Twas afternoon;  
Above, the cloudless sky of June.

With careless steps I sauntered on,  
Till suddenly I came upon  
A group of people gathered near  
A stream of water deep and clear.  
A man—a preacher as I found—  
Stood by them on a rise of ground.  
I learned that they had come to see

A sight unusual then to me—  
To see the pious preacher lave  
Some converts in the limpid wave.

The rite already was performed,  
But he, with kindling fervor warmed,  
Was preaching to the listening crowd,  
With accents earnest but not loud,  
Exhorting them to heed the word,  
And yield obedience to the Lord.  
When he had ended silence reigned:  
His zeal, I thought, had nothing gained.

I wrongly thought, for one was moved  
To act as her belief behooved.  
A maiden stepped from out the throng,  
Whose face I shall remember long;  
A maiden with a brow serene,  
On which faith, hope, and love were seen.  
Enrobed in white she meekly came  
To make confession of the name  
Of Him whom now and evermore  
Both saints and seraphim adore.  
“Dost thou believe with all thy heart,”  
The preacher said, as she apart  
Stood from the rest and raised her head,  
“In Jesus, First Born from the dead?”  
The maiden answered with a nod,  
“He is the Christ, the Son of God;  
In Him my confidence I rest,  
In Him alone can I be blest;  
God helping me I will to-day  
The Gospel of my Lord obey.  
All earthly things I count as loss  
That I may glory in His cross.”

The good man took her by the hand,  
And down they walked upon the sand;  
Before their steps the waves divide  
Clear as the Jordan’s sacred tide;

And as they go a holy song  
Resounds the shady banks along.  
Now silent in the stream they stand;  
The preacher slowly lifts his hand:  
"Into the name of Father, Son,  
And Holy Spirit, three in one,  
I now baptize thee in the name  
Of Jesus who to save thee came;  
Buried within the yielding wave,  
Like Christ within the rocky grave,  
Thy sins, through his most precious blood,  
Are all remitted in this flood;  
Arising then to life renewed,  
Attest to him thy gratitude,  
By holy faith and works of love,  
Till hope is realized above."

He said, and then with tender care  
Immersed the maiden young and fair.  
A moment hidden from our sight,  
Again she rises to the light;  
Calm as the summer's dewy morn  
Out of the water she is born,  
And fairer far she seemed to be  
Than Venus rising from the sea;  
Serene as summer's brightest day,  
She shone, rejoicing in that way  
Long sought, but now in Jesus found,  
Where pardon, peace, and love abound.

## CROTON POND.

Surrounded by wood-covered hills,  
Except on the northerly side,  
And fed by the swift flowing rills,  
The millpond extends itself wide.  
It mirrors the changeable skies,  
Which gaze there eternally down,  
Now bright as a maiden's blue eyes,  
Now dark with the storm-demon's frown.

How often, when I was a boy,  
I came in the hot summer days,  
In its cool, limpid depths to enjoy  
Relief from the sun's burning rays.  
Here with my companions I played,  
Diving deep to the gravelly floor,  
Or proof of rash bravery made  
By venturing far from the shore.

O crystalline waters, one morn  
Ye witnessed a sorrowful sight,  
When out of your depths was upborne  
Poor Hiram again to the light!  
He was missing, and search being made,  
His cap was picked up by the shore,  
Where often with us he had played  
So gaily the summer before.

Men dragged the deep bottom, and found  
His body all lifeless and cold:  
A funeral train and a mound,  
And Hiram's sad story is told.  
O waters that mirror the skies  
And picture the trees on your breast,  
May he in the grave where he lies  
Sleep calmly as you in your rest!

## A FRAGMENT.

Put aside that volume, and come, I pray,  
For I would, dear one, have a stroll to-day,  
While the autumn sun on the landscape fair  
Is pouring his light through the cloudless air.  
Too intent, I fear, do our minds run o'er  
The commonplace language of human lore;  
Let us read awhile upon earth and sky  
The words there imprinted for every eye.  
The heavens declare the glory of God,  
And the tiniest flower that springs from the sod  
Bespeaks for its author a matchless skill,  
Consummate wisdom, and infinite will.  
But concerning the home where man shall abide  
And his fate after crossing the mystical tide  
Which flows between Time's and Eternity's strand,  
Not a word is there written on sky, sea, or land.  
Though some may imagine they truly can scan  
By searching their spirits the future of man,  
And pierce through the shadows of death that conceal,  
A land which none but a God can reveal,  
Proud dreamers are we if we question our souls  
For that knowledge which He the Highest controls,  
We ask—we listen—no answer can come,—  
Both our souls and our bodies like Nature are dumb.

## GREAT VALLEY CHURCH.

What changes astonish as hither I come  
Once more to this sacred retreat,  
Where often I came from my childhood's loved home,  
With the worshiping people to meet.  
The walls are the same, but the woodwork is changed—  
A doubtful improvement, I ween—  
The furniture fashion has deftly arranged,  
And nothing antique can be seen.

I enter the door and sit down in a pew,  
And notice the people around;  
Their dresses are modish, their faces are new,  
Among them a stranger I'm found.  
No doubt as they cast a stray glance upon me,  
They wonder that I should be here,  
And think for a moment, perchance, Who is he?  
And note the plain garments I wear.

I sit here and muse in this house of our God,  
And think of the long-vanished days,  
When they who are sleeping beneath the green sod  
Assembled here weekly to praise,—  
When Fletcher stood forth, an Apollos in might,  
Proclaiming with fervor the word,  
And multitudes turning from darkness to light,  
Confessed their once crucified Lord.

I like not the ancient because it is old,  
Despising the things that are new,  
I value the good which the ages unfold,  
And love all that's holy and true;  
But Fancy, contrasting the Then and the Now,  
Contends for the old-fashioned ways,  
And old-time devotion, we all must allow,  
Was better than our stilted praise.

The people, though simple, were truthful and just,  
Religion was more than a name,  
The mantle of virtue trailed not in the dust,  
And folly aspired not to fame.  
The country aped not the pert ways of the town,  
Submissive to Vanity's thrall,  
The rich were not up and the poor were not down,  
And Pride was disfavored by all.

We're sadly devoid of the unction and grace  
That marked the disciples of old,  
Instead of the Spirit gross matter has place,  
And evil is rampant and bold.  
We worship by proxy, and tickets procure—  
Broad-guage—for the regions above,  
We doubt the old Book, and of nothing are sure,  
And selfishness banishes love.

No longer, O Church, is the zealousness found  
That once in thy people appeared,  
Thy earnestness lies with thy dead under ground,  
By Satan no more thou art feared;  
The warning that once unto Sardis was sent  
Full well unto thee might be said:  
Be watchful, and strengthen, hold fast and repent,  
Thou livest, and yet thou art dead!

O Church, from thy slumbers awake and arise!  
Christ's garments of beauty put on,  
Let holy commandments enlighten thine eyes,  
And days of rejoicing will dawn;  
Discard all traditions, and walk in the truth,  
The form of sound words holding fast,  
Renew, like the eagle, the strength of thy youth,  
And mount to the heavens at last!

Treddyffrin, Pa.

## LINNÆA.

With trivial name or common-place  
Shall we thy presence greet?  
Thy June-like eyes and sunny face  
Demand a word that's meet.

Of all we know what shall it be?  
One musical and good,  
To please thine ear in infancy  
And grace thy maidenhood.

Linnæa may it be, my child,  
Reminding us of streams,  
And vernal woods, and nature wild,  
And hope's prophetic dreams.

For thou art here in light and love,  
A fair, perennial flower,  
And brightest stars in Heaven above  
Smiled on thy natal hour.

## MY BABY.

This is my prayer, O Sweet,  
    Repeated day by day:  
God grant thy little feet  
    May never learn to stray.

His ever constant care  
    May He around thee throw,  
And guard from every snare,  
    And save from every woe.

And may the choice be thine  
    Of unseen things above,  
Through power of truth divine  
    And His attracting love.

Thus will the better part  
    Be with thee all life long,  
And Christ within thy heart  
    Shall make thee wise and strong.











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